

THE ILLUSTRATED

# SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS

No. 209.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

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TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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By Post 6*d*.



MISS GAINSBOROUGH, OF THE DUKE'S THEATRE.



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230. The Grand Christmas Pantomime, A FROG HE WOULD A WOOING GO, in the Theatre. The Pantomime of the season. Last Six Days.

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Richard, the Spiral Ascensionist, Benedetti, the Sword Swallower, Vol Bequia's pupils, Inca, from Peru, Leon, the Contortionist, the Great Japanese troupe, the Dare Brothers, Peterson's Dogs, Heriot and Little Louie. Perform afternoon and evening. The most extraordinary combination of talent ever appearing before the public in one day.

The Daily and Weekly Papers say: Mr. Robertson has again provided a Pantomime as full of go and fun as last year. A FROG HE WOULD A WOOING GO is one of the distinct successes of the season; no praise is too high for the admirable way in which the Aquarium Pantomime has been placed on the stage. Scenery and dresses are superb, and the acting throughout far above the average. The enthusiasm evoked in the Corridor Scene when troupe after troupe of different nationalities succeed each other is unbounded; the music is well chosen; the dresses bright; the acting first-rate, and the scenery marvellous. Every child should, in any case, see A FROG HE WOULD A WOOING GO. The Harlequinade is the funniest and best of the year. Paulo the Clown is certainly the clown of clowns.

ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS to PREMISES.—Messrs. JAY, having to close certain parts of their premises for alterations, and being, in consequence, likely to have goods damaged by dust, have resolved to clear out as far as possible their large stock at remarkably cheap prices.

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## " GOLD."

By Edwin W. Streeter, F.R.G.S. The Second Edition (fifth thousand) now ready.

Cloth, 3s. 6d. Chapman & Hall, London.

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

## ENGLISH MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

THE portrait of Mr. W. G. Cousins, which should have accompanied the memoir in our supplement, was received by us at the last moment, when that portion of this week's issue had already gone to press, so imperfectly engraver that we determined to withhold it and put another drawing in hand for next week's issue.

## CIRCULAR NOTES.

MR. S. C. HALL, the editor of the *Art Journal*, is a teetotaler of the most pronounced description. Not content with imbibing water of a doubtful quality himself (he declares that "London water is seldom pure") he insists upon his guests partaking of that questionable fluid, or, in default, of "ginger ale made by Cautrel and Cockrane, Belfast, a drink at once pleasant and healthful, and better, as well as cheaper (though worth infinitely more money) than the port of 1836, or the sherry of the comet year." His is a total-abstinence-from-all-intoxicating-liquorhouse. His guests, if they are dissatisfied with London water or ginger ale, or similar innocuous beverages, must perish of thirst. He can "call to mind that, on many occasions, he has seen a guest leave his table with bleared eyes, tottering steps, and stuttering speech." He will have no more of it. On one occasion, not very long since, he gave "the toast, 'The Queen! God bless her!' in water"—which was daring—"and he is sure her gracious and beloved Majesty would rejoice to know that he drank her health without injuring his own." Naturally. Her Majesty is known to take a warm interest in what such an exalted personage as Samuel Carter Hall eats and drinks. The pharisaical tone of his greasy mind is calculated to recommend him everywhere, even at Court. It is hoped that Mr. Hall will take the public still further into his confidence. We are dying to know what he eats as well as what he drinks, and the name of his favourite pill. Is it Cockle, or Morrison, or Parr? Or, does he indulge in Eno's Fruit Salt? Of one thing Mr. Samuel Carter Hall has at any rate assured himself, namely, that giving a dinner-party is much cheaper than it used to be. Port of 1836, and sherry of the comet year, are expensive. Ginger ale and London water are not.

"ONLY a few copies left. Post-free, 6d." Be in time, and read at least one chapter in *The Conflict between Darwinism and Spiritualism*, by Dr. Peebles, of America. The work has caused "much discussion in some of the American journals," and no wonder. Such a subject as *Are insects immortal?* is calculated to provoke the liveliest interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Certainly at such places as Ramsboro' or Scargate. A debate there conducted on the one part by a virtuously-indignant lodging-house keeper, and on the other by her blistered lodgers, would no doubt end in the question being put to the vote and carried in the affirmative. At Ramsboro' and Scarigate the insects are unmistakably immortal.

WITHOUT for a moment concurring with Dr. Slade, who repaired to "the continong" when he found London too hot for his health; or with Dr. Monck, who took his punishment, which was a term of imprisonment, like a man and a medium, we would submit that the following excerpts from existing advertisements, proves the truth of a certain proverb about stealing a horse and looking over a gate:

## ASTROLOGY.

"Worth its Weight in Gold."

EVERY adult person living should purchase at once "YOUR FUTURE FORETOLD." Instructions to purchasers gratis.

ASTROLOGY.—PROFESSOR WILSON may be Consulted on the Events of Life, at —. Personal Consultation only. Time of Birth required. Fee, 2s. 6d. Instructions given. Attendance from 2 to 8 p.m.

A LADY, Professor of the ASTRAL ART, may be Consulted on all important Events of Life. Fee, 2s. 6d. Nativities cast. Personal interviews by appointment only.—Sybil,—

THAT was a cruel thing which one of Her Majesty's Servants said when he was asked how the rival show over the way was doing? "Doing, my boy?" Not at all. You see business is bad everywhere this year, and as our overflow is not as great as it was last pantomime season, why over-the-way suffers.

MR. JAMES ASHBURY, a gentleman whose political education is believed to have been gained during a voyage which he made in his own yacht to America, is a member of whom Brighton has every reason to be proud. Asked the other day to allow his name to be used along with those of a few Dukes, Marquises, and so forth, as patron of a concert in aid of a training ship, he, through his secretary, declined in these terms: "He has so many applications of a similar character that he is compelled to decline all which do not refer to objects with which he is more immediately connected, especially in his own borough of Brighton." These last five words embody a touch of—not exactly nature, but—unconscious cerebration, which might, if the occasion were opportune, afford a text for a lay sermon. But pray what are the objects with which Mr. Ashbury is "more immediately connected?" Yachts, or Public Companies?

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS, the champion wing-shot of—well, let us say the universe, has been invited to pay a visit to Texas, by "Fort Bend," a correspondent of *Turf, Field, and Farm*. The cartel is remarkable, inasmuch as it shows that the stage American (or Texan) is a living reality. That quality, which is vulgarly termed cheek, is probably seen in its most picturesque form on the other side of the Atlantic amongst partisan-writers for the sporting press. If hawks do not pike out hawks' een in the land of stars and stripes, they threaten each other in a manner which puts the little differences of sportsmen on this side of the herring-pond very far into the background indeed. Captain Bogardus will have to furbish up his vocabulary as well as his guns if he desires to hold his own against "Fort Bend," who crows thus:

Well, I must settle Bogardus, A. H. by name. Bogardus, I see you have the temerity to sign your name "Champion Wing-shot of the World." Now, Bogardus, that won't do. You may be a pretty good shot; may do very well to shoot against English, Irish, Scotch, French, Turks, Russians, Spanish, Hindoos, Mexicans, and Americans; but you can't shoot against Texans. There is not man from Red River to the Rio Grande that can't beat you, and the four-year-old children of Fort Bend can beat you. Now, we have no objection to your signing yourself thus: "Champion Wing-shot of the World, except Texas;" but you must not include us, because we never permit ourselves to be

championed by anybody. We are, emphatically, the champions ourselves. I tell you now, you can't shoot with us; but, if you think you can, just come out and try us on; we'll take good care of you. We'd rather beat you than not, because we always like a fellow a little better after we beat him. We ain't a-going to shoot at traps, glass balls, and such things, under Bogardus rules, because we never saw a trap, never read Bogardus rules and don't know what kind of a machine a glass ball is; and then we never bet against a man's own trick; but we'll take you out into the field, behind good dogs, and beat you killing birds. Dr. Feris can beat you, Walter Andrus can beat you, Jack Blakely can beat you, and I can beat you; and I'll just exactly bet you the champagne on it. And then, if you want to shoot at a mark or at deer with a rifle or pistol, Bassett can just "knocks the socks" off of you or anybody else. Bassett can beat you and give you two in the game; he can double-discount you; but, mark me, if you shoot against Bassett I must stipulate that no turkey is to be in sight, because Bassett couldn't hit the State of New York forty steps with the best rifle in the world if you'd put a turkey in front of it. Bassett always takes one of Lyons' "buck-agues" whenever a turkey is in sight. Come to see us, Bogardus, and we'll give you several thousand dollars' worth of fun.

M. CH. J. BISHENDEN has just received two highly complimentary letters from Her Majesty the Queen and the Earl of Beaconsfield, with reference to his successful book, "How to Sing."

To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

"20, Duke-street, Portland-place, W., Jan. 28, 1878.

"SIR,—Will you kindly allow the above to appear.—And oblige, yours truly,

C. J. BISHENDEN."

How could we refuse? And when Mr. Bishenden, the bass, receives that further mark of royal and ministerial favour which must be imminent, his appointment as teacher of vocalism to Her Majesty and Lord Beaconsfield, may we be there to hear the first lesson! By the way, the beautiful bass might have sent us copies of those "highly complimentary" letters. We do not crave a sight of the originals. These, as a matter of course, are now dependent from the mysterious one's watchguard, along with the well-known but silent tuning-fork.

IT is considerable odds against Mr. Anderson winning the final heat. The narrow majority of Tuesday did not look like staying. His bill for licensing racecourses is a bad bill and deserves to perish. However, let him not despair. If he were to pay a visit to Kingsbury, Mr. Warner would only be too glad to entertain and give him an education of which he is at present sorely in need.

UPWARDS of seven thousand persons crowded St. James's Hall last Tuesday afternoon and evening—a mark of popularity whereof Mr. F. Burgess (of the famous firm of Moore and Burgess) had every reason to be proud. His annual benefits are benefits indeed! The entertainment was of the usual "big" character, and was the means of introducing a number of new Moore-and-Burgess features, and many old professional friends of the *beneficiare*, who were severally received with immense favour by the enthusiastic audience. One of the most interesting events of the evening was Miss Burton's graceful and pointed delivery of an address, written specially for the occasion by Mr. H. S. Leigh. We have much pleasure in quoting Mr. Leigh's polished lines:

"On their own merits modest men are dumb!"  
 Our manager—the modest man—would come  
 (Leaving his modesty upon the shelf)  
 To speak some words of gratitude himself,  
 But he believed the safer plan would be  
 To trust his name, and his address, with me;  
 For modest men, when in a fix, no doubt of it,  
 May trust a woman's tongue to bring them out of it.  
 Another benefit! thirteen to day!  
 A most unlucky number, some would say;  
 But we're not frightened—not by any means,  
 We like the pretty creatures in their teens.  
 Our darkies here, must claim some little worth,  
 From thirteen years of music and of mirth.  
 Confess (now you and they are long acquainted),  
 They are not half so black as they are painted;  
 For they have shown, through many a laughing hour,  
 The wish to please, and something of the power,  
 For scores who yawn at Wagner's classic tones  
 List gladly to the banjo and the bones.  
 Friends, in whose service we so long have striven,  
 Sincerely take the thanks sincerely given;  
 Our gratitude is yours: as yours receive it,  
 Thirteen is not unlucky, don't believe it!

Next week's number of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a portrait of Miss Heath, of the Princess's Theatre, as *Jane Shore*.—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—"Hunters Sent On," by J. Sturgess—"Pretty Souls!" a double-page portrait of Mr. Ashley as Joslyn Tubbs in *Pink Dominos*, by Matt Stretch.—The Theatrical House that Jack Built: No. 10.—The Stage Lover.—Portraits of English Composers—Mr. W. G. Cousins—"Leaving Him in the Lurch," a hunting sketch, by W. Hodgson—Portrait of the late Dr. Doran—Scene from the "Cause Célèbre"—A Critical Movement—&c., &c.

Now that the Christmas holidays are over, a change of programme is promised next Monday at St. George's Hall, when *A Happy Bungalow* will be revived for a new night, to be followed by Mr. Corney Grain's clever sketch, *A Musical Almanac*, and a new second part by Mr. F. C. Burnand entitled, *Answer Paid*, the music to which is by Mr. Walter Austin. Mr. F. C. Burnand is also engaged on and has nearly completed a new first part to take the place of *A Happy Bungalow*, and Mr. Corney Grain has another sketch ready for presentation.

ON Wednesday evening last a complimentary dinner was given to Mr. Irving Montagu, who has been in the East during the whole of the present war, first as the artist-representative on a French illustrated paper, and latterly for the *Illustrated London News*. Some of this artist's sketches have also appeared in our own pages. The *Times* war correspondent and a large number of representative men, artists and journalists, with followers of the Red Cross, were present, and some excellent and very interesting speeches were made in response to the various toasts. The chair was occupied by Mr. Edward Draper, whose humorous and telling speeches were from time to time enthusiastically applauded.

The *Examiner* gives currency to the statement that Sir Samuel Wilson has been successful in procuring 50,000 salmonova from California, which have duly arrived at the colony, and several hundreds of the young fry have been safely hatched.

## EXEUNT OMNES.

Will it please you to see the epilogue?  
No epilogue, I pray you . . . for when  
The players are all dead, there need  
None to be blamed.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

As it is recorded that a dying clown turned a summersault on his bed half-an-hour before taking his final exit from the world, so in many other cases is the love of the associations in the profession assumed in life strong to the end. It is natural enough that when the brain's imaginings are beginning, through weakness, to wander, the chief thoughts of the last moments should direct

themselves to last lingering paintings of their relationships and sound, as it were, a keynote and interpretation to what the almost finished life has been. To how few is it vouchsafed to be bidden to a death-bed—as was the invitation of Addison—and be told to note how a Christian could die.

It is always a revered memento of a person who makes some remarkable or striking saying ere closing his voice for ever to earth's listeners, to treasure the words. A ray from the light of brave days gone by flits in, and the dying soldier passes silently away into his peaceful sleep, while yet his mind leads on his troops to glory, or to the self-same halting-place he himself is journeying to; the sailor, lying in the serenity of death's

approaching calm, pipes all hands to go aloft; the preacher who, all through his workaday life, has been ever with his cheery reasoning comforting others, now finds the needed solace in the old familiar message he has himself taught, now that the twilight shadows deepen o'er his own life. And so the actor—to whose profession, with its always varying vicissitudes, life has been so often likened—may not unnaturally or unreasonably fold his hands upon his breast ere he makes his final exit, to lie dull and dead behind the dark curtain which will hide from him, for long, for evermore, the sound of fife and drum, the blaze of light, the sea of living faces. The last peg his memory hangs on is in the row of familiar thoughts; the last vision may be a dim outline of some stage



THE THEATRICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.—No. 9. THE STAGE MANAGER.

"Who charmed the Stage Manager, greatly renowned,  
Who made supers tremble whenever he frowned."

triumph or stage failure. But all is of no account then; success and failure are merged into one. Had we the stories of them all; their living pictures of living lives; perhaps many of them would tell how he or she went out, in answer to the grim call-boy, Death, with a quotation on the lip, like the tragedian, Burbage, who, taking the stage direction as a personal order, quaintly remarked, "Exit Burbage," and his gravestone bears, as epitaph, this brief epilogue to his life. Possibly such singularly appropriate last words may be coined to fit the occasion of an actor's death;

perhaps the ones we are about to quote, and a host of others elsewhere recorded, or perchance never to be recorded at all, are all true; but even if they were not, the fancy is a kindly one which weaves the story. Harley, a veteran actor, is reported to have muttered to his friends, "I feel an exposition of sleep coming on," just as he was wont to do, when, as Bottom, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he oft repeated the sentence. And so his sleep came, and in that sleep what dreams followed, we wot not. It matters very little in reality whether he did utter these words,

or whether they are only handed down as traditional or legendary—it is pleasant, in the innocence of their meaning, to believe that he did. Not that it would be always wise to narrate false sentiment as the last spoken words of false life; but, viewed in the light of a storied remembrance, we can each feel a sullen joy at the old actor's recollection of what his cherished art and profession had been. We pause with silence on these solemn have-beens. Whose face lighted upon Edmund Kean's mind, as, dying, he sighed, "Farewell, Flo—Floranthe," and his life went

out, leaving love behind? Now and again, in the odd corners of newspapers and in dusty scrap-books, we stumble across these professional verbal exits. The past—with all its up-hill struggles of an actor's life—has not always a pleasant evening to its future, and so Robson, the elder, felt a pang of remorse as he plaintively remarked, "What a wasted life has mine been." Is there not a tradition that, while acting in that gloomy play, *The Stranger*, an actor fell dead upon the stage, as he quoted from his part, "There is another and a better world," and the famous tragedian, Young, whispered to himself, as he had often, as the dying Hamlet, whispered to his audience, "The rest is silence." Moodie asked, picturing to himself in his prison cell in *Measure for Measure*, "Ay, but to die and go, we know not where." All these remembrances claim no originality in discovery or corrections, for they have been culled from others who have placed them on record.

I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing But the bane that binds them is mine own.  
Modern playgoers will recall Widdicombe, a comedian of vast humour, of whom it is told that, on his deathbed, he beat his head with his fist, and chuckled with the gravedigger of Elsinore, "Cudgel thy wits no more." These quotations, the last words of English players, are chiefly from Shakespeare's plays, but two American actors, still with the passion of their palmy days foremost in their receding minds, struck out in more original lines of idea, though still with the tones and past associations "The play is done—ring down," quoth one, and who can tell, as he leaped his blind and final exit, whether his own great play of life had been a success or not; whether, like the mad Ophelia's father, he had "made a good end." These last words cause us to pause and think, and work in the mines of our philosophy. But Harry Chapman, of the Bowery Theatre, New York—as, possibly, visions of bright lights, and coronation robes, sceptres, and crowns, and gaily gilded scenery gleamed to him from some far away—quietly and quaintly said, "It is time to go to the theatre," and so he went out into the dark, and the play was soon over, and—*exit omnes!* JAMES KEITH.

ON Thursday, January 24th, an Entertainment was given by the Employes of Messrs. J. and C. Boyd and Co., at St. George's Hall, Regent Street, in aid of the Funds of the Royal Hospital for Incurables. The large hall was well filled in all parts by an appreciating audience. In the first part, after several songs, a comic drama, entitled a *Wonderful Woman*, was performed, wherein Miss Kate Carlon and Messrs. Binfield, Ockenden, and G. R. Smith particularly distinguished themselves. Negro selections, in character, then followed, which were well sung and highly applauded. The whole concluding with the well-known farce of *Raising the Wind*. Mr. A. Marvin was exceedingly good as Plumway. Mr. Binfield as Jeremy Diddler would have taken his part well, had not the aid of the prompter been required so frequently. Miss Carlon as Peggy was all that could be desired, and Miss Pattie Bell was very good as Miss Laurelia Durable; the other characters, well, being an amateur performance—too strict criticism would be out of place.

"A STUDIO EXHIBITION."—In our notice of the Exhibition of Pictures and Water-colours, at 22, St. John's Wood Road, which appeared in our last week's impression, we inadvertently



MR. HENRY ST. VINCENT.

omitted to mention an interesting study of an Arab by F. J. Skill; a clever head entitled "Phillis," by T. Graham; and a clever fishing subject by Montbard. We would again advise our readers to pay a visit to this charming little exhibition.

AN excellent portrait of the late Mr. F. Dewar has been issued from the Studio of Mr. Maltby, Upper Street, Islington.

THE Cambridge members of the University Boat Club made a start on Monday, when Mr. Gurdon, the president, took out the following crew:—Prest (Jesus), bow; Holmes (Clare), Scourl (Trinity Hall), Pilkington (Queen's), Barker (First Trinity), Nettlefold (Caius), T. Williams (Clare); Hockin (Jesus), stroke; Davis (Clare), coxswain.

## MISS GAINSBOROUGH.

To Miss Gainsborough, whose portrait this week graces our front page, is chiefly due the conspicuous credit of reviving the glories, if glories it ever had, of the ill-fated Duke's. Associated as this theatre has been of late, with emphatic failure and fiasco, the successful run for ten consecutive weeks of a play inherently undramatic in itself, and depending solely upon spectacular display and strong character delineation, is an achievement of which this lady has reason to be proud. After turning the heads of half the provincial critics, during her lengthy provincial tour, as "Myrrah," in *Sardanapalus*, Miss Gainsborough has received quite as hearty recognition and praise from the London press. One speaks of the "earnestness and intelligence she exhibits," another of her "picturesque and impressive delivery," a third of the "grace, refinement, and intelligence" of her personation.

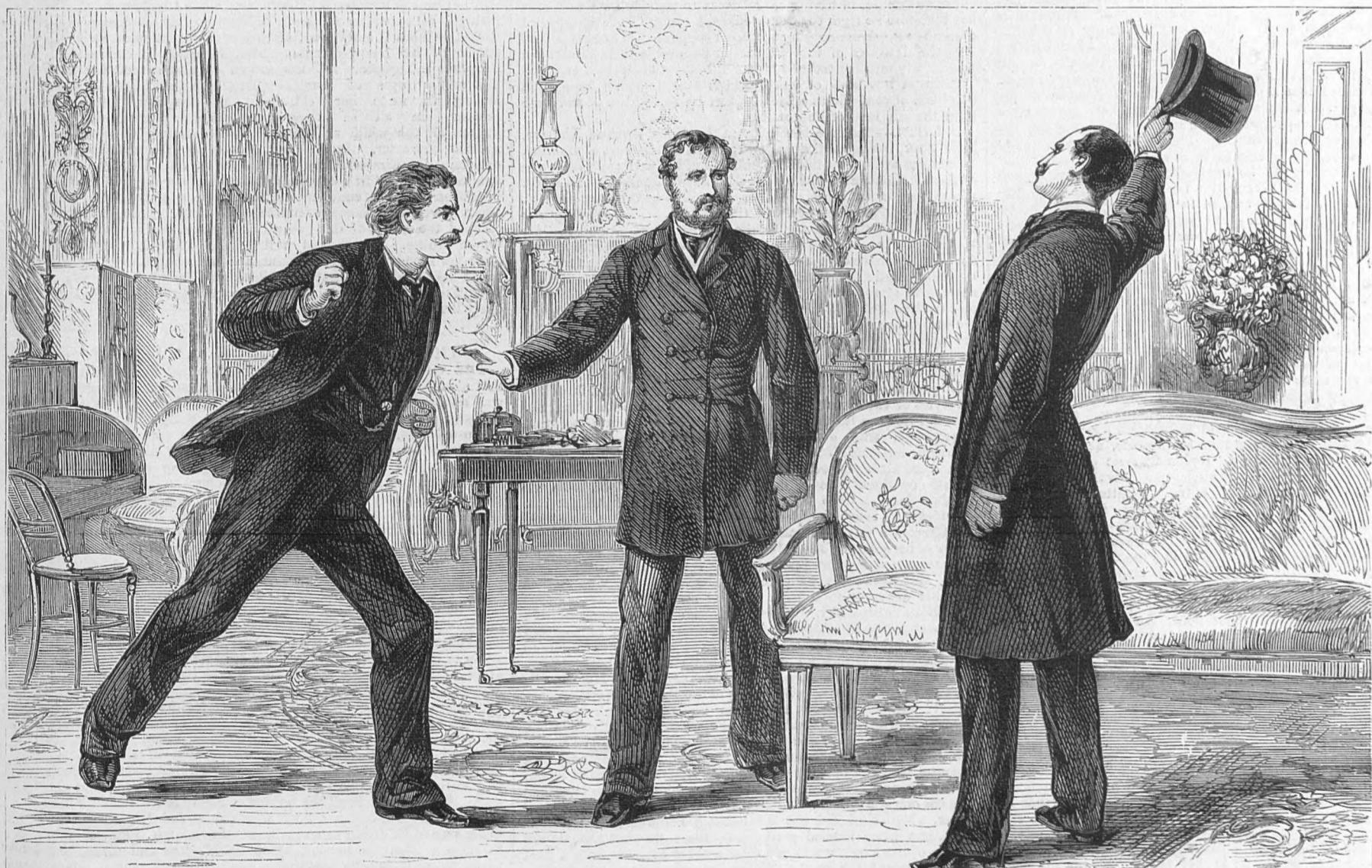
Those who recollect the production of Watts Phillip's well known drama, *Amos Clarke*, will remember the admirable way in which the boy was represented by a young lady. This young lady was Miss Gainsborough. Then for the first time in an important rôle, she secured the prompt and frank approval of critics, as well as public. This she has more than maintained. She has since appeared as Juliet, Portia, Pauline, Desdemona, Ophelia, Lady Teazle, and in modern comedy, and in each character has fully sustained the opinion of those who believe that Miss Gainsborough is destined to occupy a high position as a histrionic artiste.

By a careful and intelligent study of Byron's heroine, aided by personal charms, and grace of presence and manner, Miss Gainsborough as "Myrrah" has created for herself a part as distinctly drawn as it is harmoniously coloured. The outline and filling up are equally effective. It is one which must materially enhance the reputation of this charming actress.

THE Cambridge Theological Tripos list, newly published, contains the name of the Hon. Ion Keith Falconer, the amateur Champion, and president of the London Bicycle Club, in a very prominent position. He is one of the six who form the first class, and also takes the Hebrew prize, being first in order of merit of those who passed satisfactorily in Hebrew. Bicyclists will be gratified to hear of their Champion's trump.

THE Russian *New Times* published a telegram from Berlin to the effect that it is asserted, in diplomatic circles, that in case England should assume a threatening attitude towards Russia, the United States would call upon the British Government to guarantee free navigation for commercial vessels in the Suez Canal and the Dardanelles.

AT the international meeting at Monaco, on Tuesday, there were 55 shooters for the "Prix d'Ouverture," an *objet d'art* of the value of £60. Each man paid an entrance fee of £4, and had five birds at 25 metres rise. The second best shot received 35 per cent. of the entrance fund, the third 25, and the fourth 15 per cent. The first prize was won by Mr. C. C. Clark—killing 11 out of 12. The second prize was secured by Captain H. Fane; the third by Baron Bowyer St. Clair, and the fourth by Captain Maxwell-Lyte. The four winners, like those of Saturday, are all members of the International Gun and Polo Club. The weather on Wednesday was wet and cold.



SCENE FROM "DIPLOMACY," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—END OF ACT II.

"You are a coward, sir, I will kill you!"

## MUSIC.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

BALFE'S *Bohemian Girl* was produced last week at Her Majesty's Opera, with great success. Of Madame Rose Hersee's Arline it is needless to say more than that it was worthy of her reputation as —to use the words of a contemporary—"the acknowledged prima donna of the English stage." Miss Palmer was excellent as the Gipsy Queen; Mr. George Perren repeated his familiar successes as Thaddeus, Mr. H. Pope was efficient as Devilshoof, Mr. Maurice was a tame Florestein, and—last, not least—Mr. F. H. Celli, as Count Arneheim, greatly helped the success of the piece by his able acting and singing. The favourite melodies were warmly encored, and the leading artists were several times recalled by the large and fashionable audience.

Gounod's *Faust* (in an English dress) was produced on Wednesday last. Mr. Mapleson utilised his resources, by assigning the chief character to one of his Italian Opera Company, "Signor Talbo," otherwise Mr. Talbot Brennan, whose fine tenor voice was heard to great advantage in the "combat" trio, and in the softer music of the garden scene. Another distinguished foreigner, "Signor Franceschi," otherwise Mr. Foote, made so successful an appearance as Mephistophiles, that he may surely venture henceforth to resume his proper English name. Mr. George Fox was decidedly successful as Valentine, and Mr. Cushing was fully efficient in the small part of Wagner. The same may be said of Mrs. Sharp, as Martha. A new comer, Miss Leipold, although oppressed by nervousness, made a highly favourable impression as Siebel, and Miss Crosmond, who essayed for the first time the arduous rôle of Marguerite, materially increased the good opinion which had been awakened by her début as Betty, in *Le Châlet*. Her voice is bright and sympathetic, and she sings with natural expression. Further practice and study will impart the necessary polish to her vocalisation in scale-passages, shakes, &c., and meanwhile she will be found a better-trained vocalist than many of the "distinguished foreigners" who seek our good graces during the summer season. The opera was splendidly mounted, and was warmly applauded by the numerous audience. It is hardly necessary to add that the charming orchestration was delightfully rendered by the band of H.M. Opera, skilfully conducted by Signor Li Calsi.

The audiences have been large during the past fortnight, and since the meeting of Parliament the "English Operas at Her Majesty Theatre!" have attracted numbers of the nobility.

*Dinorah* will not be produced until after the return of Madame Rose Hersee from her provincial tour, about the middle of next month. *Faust* is announced for repetition to-night, and *The Lily of Killarney* will be produced next week with (probably) Mlle. Bauermeister as the Colleen Bawn.

## ROYAL PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.

*Geneviève de Brabant* was last week revived at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, under the management of Mr. Charles Head, who has evidently been resolved to spare neither pains nor expense to ensure the success of the revival. It will be remembered that the English adaptation of Offenbach's tuneful opera bouffe a few years back attracted crowded audiences from all parts of London to Islington. Great as were the scenic attractions then presented, they are surpassed by those with which the present performance is invested. The outlay on scenery, decorations, and costumes has been lavish, and has been guided by good taste. The scenery by Mr. Bradwell, is admirably painted, especially the Flemish scene in Act I., and the rocky ravine in the following act. The costumes, by Auguste and Co., are not merely brilliant, but tasteful; and the combinations of colour in the effective "Watteau Group," at the beginning of Act II., were so happily managed as to form a really artistic study. The wearers of the bright costumes were for the most part young and pretty, and, as a brilliant spectacle, this presentation of *Geneviève de Brabant* has seldom been surpassed. The manner in which it has been placed on the stage reflects credit on the administrative ability of the director, Mr. D'Oyly Carte, and on the artistic skill of Mr. Charles Harris, whom we have to thank for the *mise en scène*. When it is added that a numerous and efficient band is skilfully directed by Mr. G. B. Allen, and that the principal artistes are more than equal to their respective duties, it may be inferred that the piece has every chance of success. This would, however, be too hasty an inference, and it remains to be seen whether spectacular splendour can compensate for the feebleness of the libretto, and the injudicious liberties taken with the original score. Of dramatic interest there is none, and, in fact, there appears to be no plot whatever. People come on to the stage, and, after talking a certain amount of nonsense, make their exits. They repeat these evolutions again and again, but fail to make their motives intelligible to the audience, who can find no coherence in the scenes, which succeed each other like ill-assorted slides in a faulty magic lantern. Possibly Mr. Farnie may have been compelled to emasculate the opera in deference to the moral scruples of the director, Mr. D'Oyly Carte, who recently published a scathing condemnation of pieces which possess "objectionable suggestiveness of motive or dialogue." But the exemplary director on the same occasion expressed his sympathy for a "legitimate lyric performance," and his contempt for pieces characterised by "dull and unwholesome frivolity," and, therefore, Mr. Farnie alone must be held responsible for the fact that the *mélange* which he has ventured to produce, as Offenbach's *Geneviève de Brabant*, is not a "legitimate lyric performance," and is full of "dull and unwholesome frivolity." Some of Offenbach's best music is entirely omitted. Much of that which has been allowed to remain is spoiled by unwarrantable alterations, and—worst of all—selections from other composers are foisted on the public as works by Offenbach. We must not dwell on the dullness of the too familiar jokes, or "unwholesome frivolity" of the bellicose clap-trap to be found in the libretto, but we must protest against the unfair practice of attaching the name of a popular composer to a musical hotch-potch likely to disgrace his reputation. An important general principle is involved in this protest. Any work of art, whether an opera, a painting, or a statue, must be at the mercy of its lawful possessor; and he may assert his legal right to hack, mutilate, and deface his own property; but he can have no right to injure the reputation of the original inventor, by naming him as the sole author of the distorted and degraded thing into which the work of art has been changed. Let Offenbach's name be withdrawn from the announcements of *Geneviève de Brabant* at Islington, and we shall have nothing more to say on the subject.

Turning to more agreeable themes, we gladly pay tribute to the praiseworthy efforts of the artists engaged in the performance of *Geneviève*. Miss Alice May is the best Drogan ever seen on the English stage. She sings with cultivated and genuine dramatic expression; her acting is full of vivacity, yet always refined; her personal appearance is greatly in her favour, and her aid contributes greatly to the success of the performance. Miss Alice Burville is welcome as the Duchess Geneviève, Miss D. Gordon, as Brigitte, shows vocal aptitude, and a number of minor parts are ably filled by a bevy of charming young ladies. Mr. J. Shaw (the Duke), Mr. Wingrove (Golo), Mr. Loredan (Charles Martel), Mr. Chessman (the Burgomaster), and

Mr. Wynter (the Hermit) acquitted themselves well in thankless parts, and the two Gensdarms, Mr. Bury and Bedford obtained the customary success in the well-known duet. The orchestra was ably directed by Mr. G. B. Allen, and applause was liberally bestowed throughout the performance. It would be difficult to find a more brilliant spectacle or a more tasteful *mise en scène*, and the enterprising spirit which has been evinced in the revival of *Geneviève de Brabant* argues well for the future success of the present management.

Lecocq's latest opera, *Le Petit Duc*, is to succeed the present revival of *Geneviève de Brabant* at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington.

We are authorised to announce that M. Hervé has completed the three-act comic opera which he was last year commissioned to write for *Les Variétés*, Paris; and it will be produced before Easter. The libretto is by Siraudin, and the title at present proposed is *L'Eclipse de l'An 1820*.

Signor Arditì has commenced the composition of an English comic opera in one act.

M. Hervé's forthcoming English comic opera will be entitled *Gabrielle*, and will be produced a few weeks hence at a fashionable West End Theatre. The libretto and score are completed, and in the hands of the copyists.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

LONDON AND SUBURBAN.—Mr. Murray, the well-known tenor vocalist, is, we regret to hear, seriously ill in King's College Hospital.—Mr. Crane, during the last nights of the *House of Darnley*, played Mr. Hare's part with excellent effect.—A new after-piece is in preparation at St. George's Hall.—The Covent Garden pantomime is about to be withdrawn.—The next move at the Queen's Theatre will probably be a revival of *'Twixt Axe and Crown*.—Mr. W. Farren's son adopts his father's profession.—Miss Lankester and Mr. Compton are on the eve of leaving London for a provincial tour.—*Le Grande Duchesse* will be revived at the Alhambra.—Mlle. Camille Clermont has left London.—Miss Rose Massey is playing Miss Fanny Joseph's part in consequence of the last-named lady's illness.

PROVINCIAL.—The *Bath Herald*, speaking of the guardians who lately refused to allow the pauper children to respond to the manager's invitation, and without cost, to see his pantomime, tells us that one of these owlish beings spoke of the theatre as "a place where prostitutes assembled and men were tempted to sin," and exclaimed, "Thank God! I have never been in one." Mr. Duck, in a letter to the *Bath Herald*, wants to know if he has never been in a theatre what justification he has for giving the most infamous character a house can possibly possess to a public institution licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, conducted with the aid of the police, and visited by the most eminent of his fellow citizens in company with their wives and daughters?—Mr. Alfred Thompson, the manager of the Royal and Prince's Theatres at Manchester, has also invited the workhouse children to a representation of the pantomime at one or other of the establishments under his administration. "Not only in Manchester but in many other towns (says the *Sporting Chronicle*) it is by no means unusual for theatrical managers to accord the privilege of a peep at the glories of their pantomimes once a year to the cheerless and friendless little waifs, whose existence is past for the most part within the prison-like structures wherein the British ratepayer confines the unfortunate beings whose inability to maintain themselves causes them to become the recipients of his cold and grudging charity. But the little pauper inmates of the Manchester Workhouse are in better case than their counterparts in some parishes. Several instances have already occurred this season—notably, at Bath—at which Boards of Guardians have rejected offers similar to Mr. Thompson's, considering that a child who is guilty of the enormous crime of having no relatives to provide for its support has therefore no right to be amused, even though such amusement costs the ratepayers nothing. I don't suppose the Guardians who hold the destinies of the Manchester paupers in their hands are a particularly soft-hearted body of men, but between them and Mr. Thompson hundreds of young hearts will be made happy and hundreds of young lives made brighter by this gleam of sunshine from the fairyland of Pantomime.

FOREIGN.—Madame Modjeska at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, has secured a mighty triumph in the part of Camille. The critics are fervent in their laudation of her performance as one of the most powerful and artistic they have witnessed. The storm of applause which arose when she was called before the curtain at the close of the third act, was tremendous. *The Spirit of the Times*, tells us that she was recalled three times, and at the last was actually breathless with surprise. She evidently felt very much inclined to burst into tears. She clasped her hands together in a charming, childlike manner, and appeared anxious to stay the uproarious storm which she had provoked. Many of the men rose to their feet, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, while the orchestra vainly endeavoured to strike up a tune and break up the uproar. We have seen Camille played by many eminent actresses, by Cazzola (Mme. Salvini), by Mme. Doche, who created the part, by Mme. Clarcane, by Clara Morris, Charlotte Thompson, and Augusta Dargan, all of whom played it in different styles of excellence. Mme. Modjeska differs from them all. She has not the Italian fire and poetry of the great Florentine tragedienne, who acted Camille to the Armand of her illustrious husband, Tomaso Salvini, in a manner which thrilled even the most callous. Her Camille was a being whose intense passionate love seemed to consume her with its burning flame. Who that ever saw her act the fourth act can ever forget its marvellous passion? Salvini, too, what an Armand! But Cazzola is no more. She was consumptive, and died in the flower of her youth. A noble monument erected by her sorrowing companions, covers her remains in the cemetery of Santa Croce. Mme. Modjeska lacks the pathos of Desirée Doche, who used to melt her audience to tears in the last act, and she has not that marvellous finish which was the characteristic of Clarence, nor can she boast of the emotional intensity of Clara Morris, or the dull despairing misery which Dargan knows so well how to impart to this character and to her Lady Isabel in East Lynne, but she rivals all these remarkable artistes in refinement and grace. Her Camille is a lady, not a cocotte. According to the Polish actress' psychological theory, Camille ceases to be a light o' love the moment she loves Armand. In the sunshine of his love she is purified; moreover, she makes her a woman of some education, for she performs upon the piano, in one scene, a nocturne by Chopin with consummate skill and finish of touch. No more beautiful picture of suffering womanhood can be imagined than the one she depicts with her marvellously artistic and poetical power. Not once did she fall beneath her ideal; no, not even when, in a fit of natural pettiness, she somewhat sharply set outside of the window a cage full of singing canaries, whose loud notes disturbed the pathos of the scene she was acting. Her death was realistic, without offending good taste. Her grief was genuine, her pathos melting, her attitudes graceful, and, in a word, all she did and all she said was irreproachable. Even her pronunciation of English has so vastly improved that its defects are scarcely perceptible.—Mrs. Davenport Thorne (Mrs. Lillie Vining Davenport) is no more. She was born in London, was

the second daughter of the late E. L. Davenport, and died at Philadelphia, where her funeral was followed by all the leading members of the theatrical profession then in that city.—Mr. Fechter, who has been confined to his house by illness, has returned to the stage in the part of Obenreizer.—*The Lottery of Life* has been reproduced at the Eagle Theatre, New York.—Mr. Wallack is back at his own theatre, and Mr. Edwin Booth is again at Booth's—A new play, called *The Exiles*, has been very favourably received at Boston, U.S.A.—Critical notices speak well of Miss Eva Mills, daughter of the well-known sculptor, as an amateur vocalist and actress of great power.—Mr. John McCullough is in New York.—A new play by Mr. Vider is on the eve of being produced at the Globe Theatre, Boston.—The route of the Strakosch Grand English and Italian Opera Company is given as follows:—Pittsburgh, Jan. 28, 29, and 30; Cleveland, Jan. 31, Feb. 1 and 2; Chicago, Feb. 4 to 16; St. Louis, Feb. 18 to 23; Indianapolis, Feb. 25, 26, and 27; Louisville, Feb. 28, March 1 and 2; Cincinnati, March 4 to 9; Detroit, March 10 to 13; Buffalo, March 14; Syracuse, March 15; New York City, March 18 (three weeks) to April 6; Boston, April 8 to 20; Providence, April 22 to 24; Philadelphia, April 29, one week.—Mme. Marie Roze has made a great sensation in Philadelphia. She was immensely applauded as Lenora, in *La Favorita*, and the entire press speaks of her acting, singing, and, above all, of her extraordinary beauty, in terms of the highest praise. The following anecdote appears in an American musical contemporary: "While a large and fashionable audience was patiently waiting at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia on the afternoon of Saturday, January 12, wondering, when two o'clock came and passed, why the curtain did not rise upon the first scene of the grand opera of *Aida*, a little operatic performance in which there was more discord than harmony was taking place behind the scenes. Miss Kellogg and Miss Cary were advertised for the principal female parts in *Aida*, and Mlle. Roze, the new prima donna, was quietly resting at her hotel from the fatigues of the efforts of the previous night. The matinée was to begin at two o'clock. The hour came, and all the company were ready, except Miss Kellogg, who had not arrived. At the last moment word was brought to Mr. Strakosch that she was ill and could not sing, although she was known to have been well at twelve o'clock the night before. The distracted and indignant manager hastily sent a message to Mlle. Roze imploring her to sing in *"Favorita."* "Well," said the good-natured prima donna, "I've been talking all the morning, and it's not fair to expect me to sing on such notice. It's ten minutes past two now, and it will take me a half hour to dress. But I'll do anything to help Mr. Strakosch and prevent the audience being disappointed." Mr. Mapleson (Mlle. Roze's husband) hastened to Mr. Strakosch, however, and the result was that the impresario sent word to Miss Kellogg that he would dismiss the audience and close the house. This announcement had the desired effect, for at three o'clock the impatient audience was gratified by seeing the drop curtain roll up, while the orchestra began the first bars of the music of *"Aida."* Miss Kellogg did appear and the performance went on smoothly. The fact that the lady has a direct interest in the sale of seats may afford a clue to the motives that led to her sudden change of mind.—Mr. Sothern has been playing to good houses at Philadelphia, Pa.—A new actor of whom report speaks favourably (Mr. Gemmitt) has appeared in that city.—At Chicago, *Lost in London* has been produced by Mr. McVicker, who has with him John Dillon.—The new Chicago Theatre has been engaged for a German company.—The Christmas season at San Francisco has been a very dull one.—Miss Marie Anderson has been winning considerable praise as Juliet in Shakespeare's play at Memphis, Tenn.—At Cincinnati the season has proved fairly good.—From Toronto we hear that on January 9, Mrs. Charlotte Morrison is to receive a benefit at the Grand Opera House, under the auspices of a large number of distinguished patrons, as a token of respect and esteem for a good woman fighting her life battle under difficulties; and as a material aid at a time when a helping hand may fittingly be extended to her. A Toronto contemporary says: "And well has the recipient of this compliment earned it at the hands of her fellow-citizens. Mrs. Morrison is eminently a daughter of Toronto. She has grown up and earned her fame under the eyes of our people. She has been known among us since her childhood as daughter, wife, and mother—in all of them admirable. She has been known all the while as a gifted and charming actress of unspotted character. And for some years past she has spiritedly maintained a place of amusement worthy of our city and creditable to herself. The commercial depression existing in nearly all avocations over this continent for some time past has fallen with peculiar weight on places of public amusement. Toronto has not escaped the effects of this general depression, nor has the Grand Opera House. Bravely and well has Mrs. Morrison striven to carry her House successfully through these trying times, and it is to aid her in this task that our citizens are called on to rally to her aid to-morrow night, and give her a bumper benefit that will cheer her heart and replenish her coffers.

## THE VETERINARY SCHOOL AT ALFORT.

THE veterinary school of Alfort is situated in the village of that name, on the route from Paris to Villeneuve St. Georges. It was established to develop civil and military vets. Out of the 400 pupils actually belonging to it, some being civilians paying the usual fees, others foundation students appointed by the Minister of Agriculture. Again, there are some military students protégés of the Minister of War, who, having obtained leave of absence from their corps, attend the school to leave it with the grade of veterinary surgeon to a regiment. The instruction given at Alfort turns principally on physical and natural sciences, chemistry, physics, zoology, botany, mineralogy, and animal therapeutics. In a similar way to the School of Medicine Alfort also has its daily clinical lectures. Each morning, jockeys, shepherds, peasant, or burgess bring their animals for a gratuitous consultation. Horses, oxen, cows, fowls, dogs, and cats are even often seen brought before the princes of veterinary science. If the reader will kindly follow us in this establishment, established for suffering animals, he will see that everything is arranged for the study of these diseases, and for their treatment at the same time. Here, in effect, is the smithy (1), where the pupils who have learned how to transform the iron bars into horseshoes, follow the explanation of the professor who demonstrates how the iron is to be adapted to the different shapes of the horses' feet. Not far from there is the amphitheatre, where comparative anatomy is practised on dead animals, the distribution of the muscles, nerves, &c. (2), and this is often practised on living animals, most frequently on those two faithful friends of man, the horse and the dog. Hydrotherapy is all the fashion. Animals are likewise subjected to it. Look at that horse which is ordered douches (3). To make sure of its docility there is no need to coax it. One has only to raise it from the ground by means of girth and ropes, and there he rests motionless under the jets with which he is inundated.

DAY, SON, AND HEWITT'S, STOCKBREEDER'S MEDICINE CHEST.—Is, at home and abroad, the Farmer's right hand in dealing with the direful maladies of Debility, Diarrhoea, Inflammation, and Colicky pains, which carry off annually so many thousands of his young Cattle, Sheep, and Lambs.—22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

## WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

NOVELLO & Co., 1, Berners-street, W.—“Mass (Regina Coeli) in D major,” by Thomas Wingham, price 3s. The history of this Mass is remarkable. Although the work of a young English composer, it was first heard on the Continent, and then, not as part of a merely musical entertainment, but as the mass performed at Antwerp Cathedral on the 15th August, 1876, the “Feast of the Assumption”—one of the greatest festivals of the Roman Catholic Church. It is also worthy of notice that Mr. Wingham composed this Mass at the special request of the clergy of the Antwerp Cathedral, and that it was declared to be an admirable and permanently valuable addition to the repertory of ecclesiastical music. Belgian musicians paid high compliments to the English composer, and the most genuine tribute to his success has been the frequent repetition of the Mass. It is a composition of sterling merit, and the more frequently it is perused the greater is the admiration which it excites. Mr. Wingham is one of the ornaments of our Royal Academy of Music, and has distinguished himself by the production of important instrumental works which have been favourably noticed in our columns. In this “Mass in D” he has put forth all his powers, and has established his claim to a place among the foremost contemporary writers of church music. While following the models furnished by Haydn and Mozart, he has preserved independence of thought. His occasional departures from the initial key give colour and variety; without a single instance of crudeness in modulation. Of harmony and figure he is a master, and his eight-part writing in the “Benedictus” is admirable. Specially commendable is the voicing of the different parts. The solos and choruses come easily within the range of ordinary voices, abrupt transitions and difficult intervals are avoided, and the leading themes are not only melodious, but always appropriate in sentiment to the words by which they have been suggested. It will be needless to give a detailed account of each number. The work is published at so low a price that it is within the reach of almost every amateur, and as the vocal parts are published separately at 1s. 6d. each, it will probably be welcomed by choral societies, as well as by church choirs and private families.

MORGAN & Co., 18, Surrey-street, Strand.—“Christian the Pilgrim, or the Pilgrim’s Progress,” the words written and arranged by Arthur Matthison, the music composed by Wilford Morgan, price 5s., is a sacred cantata for four solo voices and chorus, and is the most important work as yet published by Mr. Wilford Morgan, who has nevertheless for a long time past occupied a distinguished place as the composer of anthems and church services, which have been often heard at the Temple Church and elsewhere. The subject is well chosen, and has been judiciously treated by Mr. Matthison, who has preserved the personal interest which must ever attach to Bunyan’s hero,—irrespective of allegory,—and has provided opportunity for the introduction of varied music. Of these, Mr. Wilford Morgan has availed himself with happy results. As a ballad and part song writer, he has been conspicuous for his fertile melody, combined with well written harmony, but in this cantata he reveals dramatic instincts, which could hardly have been suspected previously, and in many instances he shows himself to be the possessor of constructive ability, which might justify him in undertaking works of still higher importance. As there are 26 numbers in the score it will be impossible, at present, to do more than glance at the characteristics of the work as a whole. It is always melodious, and is free from pretentiousness and affectation. The influence of Mendelssohn is occasionally perceptible, as in the semi-chorus for female voices, “Peace be to thee,” for instance, but plagiarism has been avoided, and the themes are both tuneful and original. The most attractive solos are the tenor allegro, “My heart is glad,” the contralto air, “Comfort Thee, O Christian,” and the tenor air, “Consider, and hear me.” The duet between Christian and Apollyon, “I fear thee not!” is spirited and dramatic, and the same may be said of the chorus, “Shoot and slay!” and the chorus of Traders at Vanity Fair. One of the most effective numbers is the part-song, “Very sweet and very pleasant,” which is really charming in melody, and admirably harmonized. Of the instrumental movements, which are numerous, we shall be better able to speak after hearing an orchestral performance of the cantata, which is not likely to be long delayed. Meanwhile, Mr. Wilford Morgan may be congratulated upon the production of a well-conceived and ably elaborated work, which will be warmly welcomed in musical circles, both public and private.

## ST. GEORGE’S HALL.

On the evening of the twenty-sixth ult. a company of clever amateurs gave a performance of Lord Lytton’s famous comedy, *Money*, in aid of the Metropolitan Free Hospital at the above Hall. There was a large attendance, and the effort, we are pleased to add, was in every way a successful one. Mr. Howard Williams, as Alfred Evelyn, gave full expression to those phases of the character, in which we see the intense bitterness which poverty and a cruel disappointment have created in the lonely heart of the poor student; but he was less successful in realizing the more sad and tender sentiments of his despairing affection for Clara. This, we fancy, was mainly due to his falling into an error, which is very common to amateurs on the stage, and not unknown amongst professional players, viz., that of supposing intensity of emotion to be invariably expressed by raising the voice. Miss Creswell, as Clara Douglas, who played with quiet refinement, and excellent taste, spoke the great passionate speech, in which Clara opens her heart to her lover, and explains her apparent want of affection, with much force and feeling; Miss Eliza Thornton, as Georgina Vesey, got through her part creditably, and Miss Isola Morton, although she gave the serious side of Lady Franklin’s character with considerable power and effect, did not quite catch the frank-hearted, open merriment and sly humour of the merry widow. She was evidently very nervous, and this alone would suffice to give her merriment an occasional air of being forced and artificial, instead of spontaneous and natural. With the disappearance of this disadvantage we should imagine that Miss Morton will make an excellent actress. Mr. T. Trelawney, as Graves, was admirable. It was a most carefully finished and natural piece of acting, entirely free from the exaggeration which so commonly mars the personation of the character. We laughed heartily at his eccentricities, without losing our respect for the gentleman’s sterling value and sound good sense. Mr. Walter Clifford’s artistic “make up” as Captain Dudley Smooth, was a lesson worthy professional contemplation, and the perfect coolness, self-command, and keen, swift powers of observation which should mark the character, were all duly and quietly scored. Mr. T. Williams as Lord Glossmore Mr. Treherne as Benjamin Stout, M.P., the fiery political partisan, frothy and empty, and full of self-importance, were fairly good. Mr. Charles Bernes played Sir John Vesey with good effect, and Lord Glossmore found a tolerably efficient representative in Mr. T. Williams. The part of Sir Frederick Blount, was personated with due appreciation of the character and points. The rest of the characters were played with good average ability, and from beginning to end the performance progressed without a single hitch, which says much for the ability of Mr. E. Campbell as stage manager. Why were the doors thrown open, and the curtains drawn back to admit a torrent of cold air to the audience, directly the last scene commenced?

## THE DRAMA.

THE only important theatrical event of the week has been the revival at The Court, on Saturday night, of Tom Taylor’s comedy, *Victims*, in succession to the late Lord Lytton’s play of *The House of Darnley*, which was represented for the last time on the previous night.

Since Mr. Clarke’s migration from the Criterion to the Court, where he has been expressly engaged to play Buckstone’s original part of “Butterby,” in Tom Taylor’s revived comedy, *Victims*, his part of Samson Burr in *The Porter’s Knot*, at The Criterion, has been sustained by the clever and versatile Mr. H. Ashley, and Mr. J. Francis has succeeded him as the head waiter at Cremorne, in *The Pink Dominos*. In this latter successful farcical comedy, still undiminished in attractiveness, Miss Rose Massey, who has already successfully enacted the part with Mr. Charles Wyndham’s Company in the provinces, has appeared during the week as “Lady Maggie Wagstaff,” owing to the temporary absence of Miss Fanny Josephs through severe indisposition.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and the Duke of Connaught, attended by Colonel Teesdale and the Hon. Mrs. Coke, witnessed the performance of the pantomime at Drury-lane Theatre on Friday night last week, and on Saturday evening the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Marquis of Lorne and suite went to the Prince of Wales’s Theatre.

At the Queen’s, *Fatherland*, the adaptation from M. Sardou’s *Patrie*, terminated its short career last night, and will be replaced this evening by a revival of Tom Taylor’s *Twixt Axe and Crown*; in which Mrs. Rousby will sustain her original character of Lady Elizabeth.

Mr. Rice terminates his pantomime season at Covent Garden to-night—the last two performances of *Puss in Boots* take place this afternoon and to-night.

In addition to the usual day representations of the pantomimes, Morning Performances will be given to day at the same Theatres as last Saturday, with the exception of the Haymarket and Strand. They will comprise *Charles I.* at the Lyceum; *Turn of the Tide* at the Olympic; *Diplomacy*, at the Prince of Wales’s; *Our Boys*, at the Vaudeville; *The Sorcerer*, and G. Grossmith’s Musical Drawing Room sketch at the Opera Comique, and Mr. Toole as “Paul Pry,” at the Globe. There will also be a Morning Performance at the St. James’s of *The Rivals*, in which Mr. William Farren, relinquishing his old part of “Captain Absolute,” will essay for the first time the character of “Sir Anthony Absolute;” “Falkland,” and “Lydia Languish” will be sustained, also for the first time, by Mr. H. Forrester and Miss Helen Barry; Mr. Charles Warner will be “Jack Absolute,” and Messrs. Righton and Maclean will repeat their impersonations of “Bob Acres” and “Sir Lucius,” which they so creditably sustained at a recent matinée at the Globe.

To-night Miss Neilson, after an absence of two years, returns to the Haymarket, where she will appear for the first time in London, as “Viola” in Shakespear’s *Twelfth Night*; and Mrs. Rousby commences an engagement of twelve nights at the Queen’s, where she will appear in her original character of “Lady Elizabeth,” in Tom Taylor’s play of *Twix Axe and Crown*.

“The Kildare Amateur Dramatic Club,” consisting mostly of employés in Mr. Whitley’s extensive establishment in Bayswater, give their second performance this season at St. George’s Hall to-night, when the programme will comprise the farce of *Turn Him Out*, and Messrs. Tom Taylor and Dubourg’s favourite comedy, *New Men and Old Acres*.

Tuesday next, Miss Ada Cavendish will appear as “Rosalind,” in *As You Like It*, at the St. James’s.

Messrs. Farnie and Reece’s new *Bouffonerie Musicale* is announced for production at the Royalty on Wednesday evening, under the title of *Madcap*, in which Miss Kate Santley and Mr. Lionel Brough will sustain the leading characters.

*The Sorcerer* will shortly be replaced at the Opera Comique by a new comic operetta, by Mr. Albery, the music by Mr. Cellier, entitled *The Spectre Knight*.

An English version of R. Planquette’s new successful comic opera, *Les Cloches de Corneville*, is in preparation, and will shortly be produced at the Folly.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company commence the season of operas in English at the Adelphi on Monday next, the 11th inst., with Nicolai’s comic opera, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The English libretto by Mr. Henry Hersee.

Mr. Charles Head has been early in the field, and arranged for the production at the Philharmonic Theatre, of an English version of *Le Petit Duc*, the new comic opera, composed by M. Lecocq, written by M.M. Meilhac and Halevy, and successfully produced at the Renaissance, Paris, only so recently as Friday, last week.

Mr. Maskelyne has nearly completed, and will shortly introduce to the public a new companion figure to Psycho and Zoe, a musical automaton, which he styles “Fanfare,” and which will perform with singular skill and artistic effect on the cornet or ballad horn.

## COURT THEATRE.

In succession to the late Lord Lytton’s play, *The House of Darnley*, Mr. Tom Taylor’s three act comedy of *Victims*, originally produced at the Haymarket, in 1857, was revived at this theatre on Saturday night, with Mr. Charles Kelly and Miss Ellen Terry, and Mr. Hafe and Miss B. Henri, as the two pairs of ill-assorted married couples, Mr. and Mrs. Merryweather and Mr. and Mrs. Fitzherbert, originally represented by Mr. Howe, Miss Reynolds, Mr. W. Farren, and Miss M. Oliver; Mr. John Clarke in Buckstone’s part of Mr. Joshua Butterly, Mr. Clifford Cooper in Rowley, as successor to the late Mr. Rogers, Mrs. Gaston Murray as the stern and strong minded advocate of women’s rights, now styled Miss Pecker, in lieu of Miss Crane, as formerly represented by Mrs. Poynter; and Mr. David Fisher as Herr Hammerstein, an exponent of the music of the future, a new character introduced in the last act. Elaborately put on the stage, interpreted throughout with intelligence and artistic finish, and although the numerous comic, nay, farcical incidents and situations involved in the sub-plot, caused much amusement, and evoked frequent shouts of laughter, the piece on the whole met with only a very languid reception. This indifference on the part of an evidently friendly and crowded audience arose solely from the impossibility of taking interest in, or feeling sympathy for the real or supposed wrongs of any of the principal characters, with one exception, that of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the neglected and patiently enduring wife of the ill-principled poet. Mr. Hare has, with wise discretion, promptly accepted the situation, and announces the withdrawal of *Victims*, which is to be replaced on Saturday night next, the 9th inst., by a revival of *New Men and Old Acres*. The opening item of the programme was Mr. Slingsby’s, adaptation from *La joie fait peur*, entitled *Sunshine through clouds*, in which Mrs. Gaston Murray gave a deeply touching impersonation of Mrs. Cleveland, hopelessly grieving for the supposed death of her son, who eventually returns, and dispels the clouds of her sorrow, by the sunshine of

his presence.—Mr. A. Bishop, wonderfully made up, acted with marked effect, as the confidential servant, old Sanford, and the other characters were agreeably supported by Miss Amy Roselle (Emily), Miss Kate Aubrey (Harriet Trevelyan), and Messrs. Tetheridge and Carnie, as Frank Cleveland, and Julian Escort, respectively.

## BIJOU THEATRE, BAYSWATER.

A dramatic performance was given on Tuesday evening at the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater, by the Athenæum Amateur Dramatic Company, in aid of the Funds of The St. Peter’s, Bayswater, Working Men’s Club, an Institute founded under the auspices of the Rev. Doctor John Robbins, Vicar of St. Peter’s, Kensington Park Road. The theatre was very full, scarcely a seat was vacant, and the élite of the neighbourhood seemed to have attended, as the stalls, bright and gay with the large number of ladies in elegant toilettes, presented quite the aspect of a gala night at the opera.—The programme commenced with the favourite comedietta, *A Fair Encounter*, very cleverly and amusingly enacted by Mrs. Frederick Walker as Lady Clara St. John, and Mrs. Alfred Buck as the assumed lady’s maid Mrs. Celia Grenville.—These ladies also displayed their histrionic ability by their effective rendering of Mrs. Cupps and our Mrs. Jenkins, in Albery’s well-known comedy, *The Two Roses*; which followed the comedietta as the principal item in the programme.—The comedy was singularly well acted throughout, indeed remarkably so for amateurs. The vain and pompous Digby Grant was represented with great fidelity to life by Mr. Edmund Routledge. M. P. H. Waterlow was gentlemanly, and a competent Jack Wyatt. Mr. Ciston (in lieu of Mr. Swainson) made a staid lawyer; and Mr. Williams gave an amusing portrait of “Our Mr. Jenkins.” Miss Jessie Winn and Miss Amy Booth gracefully represented the two roses, Lottie and Ida Grant; but the best supported character was that of Caleb Decie, by Mr. John Heaton, who assumed, most naturally throughout, the affliction of blindness, and indicated very artistically the calmness and sweet resignation characteristic of those suffering under this terrible deprivation. The performance altogether was very creditable, and afforded the utmost satisfaction to the numerous audience, while the result is likely to be very beneficial to the meritorious object for which it was undertaken.

## MR. F. BURGESS’ BENEFIT.

Mr. Frederick Burgess, the co-partner and business manager of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, took his thirteenth annual benefit in the Great St. James’s Hall, on Tuesday, when two performances were given, in the afternoon and evening: and on each occasion the large Hall was filled to its utmost capacity. A fact testifying at once to the popularity of the beneficiarie, and the attractiveness of the elaborate and highly diversified programme of entertainments provided for his patrons. The esteem in which Mr. Burgess is held by the theatrical profession was also proved by the numbers of favourite artistes from the metropolitan theatres who proffered their aid, and all of whom, with one exception, came forward and enabled the announced voluminous programme to be faithfully carried out. In the afternoon, Miss Farren sang with her usual point and piquancy, “So Awfully Clever” from *Little Faust*, Miss Pattie Lawrence contributed Offenbach’s ballad, “Love me, and Miss Lottie Venne, a song from *The Red Rover*.” Mr. Lionel Brough for “The Muddle Puddle Porter,” M. G. W. Anson, for the song of the Troubadour, and Mr. Marius for his French song, “La Bonne Année,” gained hearty applause, which was also bestowed upon Mr. J. Furneaux Cooks, rendering of Mendelssohn’s song, “I’m a Roamer,” and upon Messrs. John Hobson’s skilfully executed solo on the Violin. Mr. Harry Jackson gave his clever imitation of well known actors. Mr. George Conquest appeared as the Wonderful Parrot, he represents in the Grecian Pantomime, “Roley Poley,” and Messrs. Edward Terry and Harry Paulton, and Miss Sallie Turner, Miss La Feuillade and the Misses Williams caused much laughter in a comic sketch, entitled “The Rival Showmen.” In the evening Mr. J. D. Stoyle sung in good style “Simon the Cellarman,” Miss Russell gave Mr. Clement Scott’s new patriotic song “Here Stands a Post,” and Mdlle. Gertrude Seegar, who made her first appearance in England, displayed considerable vocal skill in her rendering of the page’s song from *The Huguenots*. Tennyson’s “Charge of the Light Brigade” was recited by Mr. W. H. Pennington (one of the survivors of the celebrated Balaclava disaster) with spirit and effect, and Mr. James Fernandez’s recitation of Waugh’s “Come Whoam to the Childe and Me,” was also very effective. Miss Eleanor Buxton gracefully delivered an address, specially written for the occasion by Mr. Henry S. Leigh; and the Leopold Brothers and the Girards went through their marvellous performance. The programme of the Minstrel entertainment proper, both day and evening, included a host of new songs and ballads, comic and sentimental, too many, indeed to enumerate, but all, without a single exception effectively rendered, were received with deserved applause. Among the most successful were two ballads, Mr. Farjeon’s “Mother and Child,” and Frank Stainsforth’s “The Little Word Yes,” both composed by Mr. John Hobson, the musical director of the company, the former sung by Mr. Sydney Herbert and the latter by Mr. A. Brenner. A new bass song by H. S. Leigh, composed by Mr. Hobson, and well-rendered by Mr. J. Romer. It is entitled “The song of the God Vulcan,” and was greatly enjoyed. Two other items, “The Cabin Boy,” and a vocal waltz, “My Lovely Star,” also written by Mr. Leigh, to airs from *Les Cloches de Corneville*, gained warm applause, and an amusing Darwinian comic ditty, “Oh! who on earth would be a man,” written by Mr. Charles Dunphie, was sung with great point and humour by Mr. Walter Howard. Mr. G. W. Moore was in his best form, and sung with all the effect and spirit of old a new comic song, “The Brighton Coach,” and “Picayune Butler.” Both entertainments passed off with signal éclat, and afforded unqualified amusement to Mr. Burgess’s numerous friends and patrons.

WITH deep regret we note the death of Mr. Harry Lang, of Manchester, at the early age of 38, from bronchitis. He was a warm supporter of aquatics, and in his younger days held a foremost place, and he was also an indispensable assistant at various regattas which have of late years come off on the river Irwell.

ON Tuesday the Prince of Wales and a distinguished party shot over the preserves of Hodstock and Dean Hill, on the manor of Crichal, and had some excellent sport. At a luncheon served in a tent the Princess and several ladies were present, and also the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, the Earl and Countess of Bradford, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, and other of the nobility. Illuminations and bonfires took place in the evening in honour of the Royal visit.

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SKETCHES FROM THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL AT KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.



## A SCAMPER THROUGH THE COBHAM YEARLINGS.

THE Stud Company's repository generally forms our first halting place in the winter circuit, and though we shall make no attempt to minutely criticise the youngsters paraded for our inspection, it has always been our custom to indulge in a sort of preliminary canter before the serious business commences of going thoroughly into the merits of each candidate for honours in the June sale ring. There is a quiet, solid air about the Stud Company's ventures just now, which points to their having attained substantial success, and having "settled down into their stride," which for the first few seasons was perhaps a little shorter and less decided than could have been wished. We are, of course, alluding to matters financial, and not to the economy of the Stud Farm, which from the first has been all that could be desired; and it must be admitted on all hands that the management has been unexceptionable. Mr. Bell has shown that if he can sell with profit, he can also purchase with judgment; and, from personal experience, we know that there is not a brood mare, likely "on paper" to suit his book, in any district, however remote, in these islands, but she is duly made a mark of, her case thoroughly inquired into, and an inspection made at any cost of trouble. This is the real highway to success, for breeders must be up and doing in all manner of places, and not wait at home with their mouths open, waiting to see what good things will drop into them. We may say, at starting, that the numerous denizens of the boxes and paddocks at Cobham are all in excellent health, and with a view to prevent even the suspicion of overcrowding, yet another district has been added to the many outlying possessions of the company; a policy we cannot too highly commend, as tending to secure for the equine population that variety of scene and pasture, which is, without doubt, as gratifying and as indispensable to them as to human beings. A dreary repetition of the same gallops, day after day, is said to disgust even so high-spirited a horse while in training, and something of this treadmill monotony in daily walks and food must have a somewhat similar effect upon the mares and yearlings which are doomed for every day to contemplate the same dreary limits of their enclosures, and to crop the herbage so frequently "picked over" before. Strangers are beginning to arrive, not singly, but in battalions, at the snug Surrey home-stead, and henceforth, until the Ascot Saturday, the mind of the manager will know no rest, foaling cares being mingled with, and eventually succeeded by, those attendant on the process of putting the final touches upon the yearlings. Among these latter fillies predominate over colts in the proportion of nearly three to one, and as a natural consequence the fair sex claim to be altogether better represented than the "lords of creation," whereas last year an opposite state of things prevailed. Of this, however, we feel certain, thus early, that although the bright particular stars of the sale list may not be so conspicuous as in the catalogue of 1877, the general average of excellence is a better one, and if Mr. Bell has any weeds among his collection of well nigh threescore yearlings, all we can say is, that in a fairly minute inspection we did not come across them. The large majority are of course the produce of Blair Athol and others of the Cobham sires, and really with such fine material at home it seems superfluous to court many foreign alliances. However, the public taste must be consulted, and accordingly the haras of *la belle France* have been requisitioned for future supplies, and the first batch of young Mortemers and Flageolets will be disporting themselves in the Cobham paddocks early in the spring of 1879. Other English "cracks" have, of course, been also laid under contribution, and so future purchasers will be entertained with a variety of good things. Extra box accommodation has been liberally provided, and the place has assumed a more finished appearance, the work of a remarkably short time, when the previous state of things is taken into consideration.

We had a good word to say on behalf of the Carnivals as foals, and now are glad to be able still to "report progress," as we inspected them as yearlings. On one and all of his progeny has the brown son of Sweetmeat set his "hall-mark" most unmistakeably; in all are apparent the straight bony forelegs, well set on, giving indication of plenty in front of the rider and a long rein, for whoever saw these same well-shaped understandings put on to a loaded shoulder? Long and sloping in the animals is this latter important part of the machinery, and though in some cases better girth could be desired, the backs are strong and the quarters are powerful and lengthy. As to colour, Carnival does not seem to be particular, for there are browns, bays, and chestnuts—all "the very image of papa" in shape, but perhaps lacking the polished elegance and sleek quality of Macaroni's stock. Nor is this to be wondered at, seeing that Carnival misses the slice of Pantaloone wedged into Mac's pedigree, and two more diversely-fashioned near relatives could not well be imagined. Out of the pair we fancy we could make an ideal horse; but we are digressing, and must to business with the Carnival yearlings. Of these we made a note of some half-dozen, and at the present time we think preference must be given among the colts to a chestnut "Papoose," of fine size and length and a capital mover and action for so big a colt. A brown, too, out of Caraço, we duly put down in our good books; nor did we fail to take a note of the prodigious bone and substance of Juanita's offspring, albeit we like her least of the trio, for obvious reasons. Among the fillies we are inclined to "brace" those from Molly Carew and Merletté, box-companions, a very charming pair, while Lady Bountiful has no reason to be ashamed of her slashing bay. Fricandeau is suggestive of a good name, smacking both of sire and dam. The ruling characteristics of the Carnivals we should say was "bone," and hence they look at present less "finished" than many of their fellows.

George Frederick seems to have mended his manners in point of temper, but there is still too much of "noble savage about him" to make us anxious to be in his company without a master of the ceremonies being present. He has great bone and power throughout, but there are other sires we much prefer to this member of the Royal Family; who, however, it must be admitted, gets his stock equal in substance to himself—no small recommendation to his hirers, who, of course, prefer well-developed, sizeable yearlings to set before their customers. His colt out of Coeur de Rose is quite a miniature of his sire, with rather lighter and better shoulders, and is remarkable for great propelling power, tucking his hind legs under him, and getting under weight while others are thinking about it. A handsome little gentleman also is his Fairyland colt, though we should like to see him "straightened up" in the back, and rather less of the "peacock" about him, but the mare always throws her stock a trifle "gaudy." A filly out of Alcestis is also promising; but for level beauty and grace command us to his daughter from Queen of the Chase, a perfect little model, and a difficult young lady to catch in the paddocks. Madame Eglington has likewise rewarded his attentions with a sample of which we shall be curious to watch the development, and altogether it must be said of the young George Fredericks introduced to our notice that they are a sturdy, thickset, powerful lot, bearing a huge family likeness among themselves and to their sire, and likely to charm the eyes of purchasers in June.

Caterer has no representative among the half-hundred and odd yearlings, but the old horse looks fresh and well, and will

have a fair season this year. He has, perhaps, less "character" than any stallion at Cobham, and his "day" has been so long in arriving, that his *quondam* admirers have deserted him in favour of fresh blood, forgetting that he has been an unlucky rather than an unprofitable horse.

Mr. Bell's faith in Wild Oats is still strong as ever, and "all his enemies and opposers whatsoever" have been promised a tremendous "dressing" at the manager's hands, should "Oats" turn out the success so confidently predicted by the head of the establishment. One thing is certain, that he does not fill the boxes at Cobham with long, spidery devils like himself, but can show plenty of short-legged, compact yearlings, and sundry reports reach us of some "clinking" two-year-olds to be seen out early in the year. However, we shall see what we shall see; but it is strange how, at this season, every breeder has a Brocklesby Stakes winner in embryo with which to bring up the prices of his lot, while, if we are to believe all that is told us, the "best two-year-old at Newmarket" must have gone the rounds of nearly all the yearling sales of last season. For ourselves, we shall not be ashamed to eat very humble pie indeed should the many Wild Oats which have been sown come up with good seed, and Mr. Bell thus obtain the laugh of the laughers. Out of Reginella "Oats" has produced a likeness of himself in miniature, though not quite so high on the leg, but he is a late foal, and looks like growing up to his many fine points, being as yet, as it were, only the framework of a horse. His filly out of Lady Fly has also plenty of scope and fashion about her, but we would rather withhold our verdict for a few months, a remark which also applies to the Nukuheva filly, a lengthy customer, with plenty of liberty, but not at her best as yet. Alva's daughter is not quite so satisfactory, but we shall be much mistaken if Eva's contribution does not turn out well, and this cross seems to have borne good fruit.

Among those owing their origin to other sires than the "Home Rulers" at Cobham, we find one each by The Palmer, Paul Jones, Albert Victor, Grimston, and Lord Lyon, and the following stallions responsible for a brace, namely, Don aster, Favonius, and King of the Forest; so that purchasers cannot complain of any lack of variety in the bill of fare arranged for our next merry meeting at Cobham next June.

The Palmer colt out of a Romulus mare, though not on a very large scale, is unmistakeably a scion of the quondam pride of Neasham, and Mr. Bell will have no reason to regret his Doncaster purchase, the mare being now in foal to the sire of that name. One of the very best specimens of Paul Jones we have ever set eyes upon is out of Vagary by Musjid, a draft from the Finstall Stud, as he is compact and well put together and better coupled than most of his sire's stock. For the two Favonius fillies we cannot say so much, and we have before frequently remarked what a common looking and ungainly stamp this departed sire seems to put upon all his belongings. There is plenty of size and bone about his two samples at Cobham, and it should be remembered that, in one case at least, the produce comes from a Gladiateur mare, and in the other from a daughter of DeClare, neither of which "fathers" could be placed in the category of horses possessing much fashion or quality. One of the most wonderful fillies about the place, is a chestnut filly by Doncaster out of Circe, whose extraordinary characteristics of bone and substance must be referred to her double cross of Melbourne, and she reminds us not a little of The Earl, save in colour, with her four white stockings, blaze and general outline. This filly and another out Fairy Queen will give trainers some idea of the capabilities of the Eaton house, whose first batch of foals seem to have given the highest satisfaction to their owners. A filly by Albert Victor out of Nelly Moore; and one by Grimston out of Mary Ambree (a foreign bred one), are a pair rather on the small side at present, but the latter is very "mouldy," and a racehorse is miniature; and on a future occasion we may have to dwell longer on the merits of a Cock of the Walk filly from Mascherina, and a remarkably promising demoiselle by Galopin; owning Invicta for her dam, and purchased at Middle Park in 1876. Lord Lyon and Minna Troil have contributed a filly of good size and symmetry, which looks all over like being "bracketed" early in the season, and there are a couple of King of the Forest fillies, which do not belie that horse's character for getting handsome stock. The one from Mrs. Croft is a big, raking filly, and wonderfully improved since the days of her foalhood; while her relative out of Mrs. Naggleton is beautifully turned, on a smaller scale, but long, low, and level, and quite one of the gems of the collection.

Turning now to Blair Athol, we found him looking very round and jolly, yet not too much above himself, and ready to commence business in February with a busy season before him as usual, and a visiting list teeming with names of celebrities from all parts of the kingdom. In point of condition he is all that can be desired, and he seems entirely to have shaken off the indisposition which so greatly alarmed his "belongings" a few years ago. As usual, he is very powerfully and creditably represented, both by colts and fillies, one of the first boxes opened for us disclosing a brace of the former sex, yearlings from Indian Princess and Maid of Perth respectively, the former built up on much the same lines as his dam, active and clever, and the latter also taking much after "mamma," and both late foals, while the latter is the first produce of his dam, a slashing fine mare, and hard to beat in any collection; besides being a capital performer in her racing days. The pick of the colts to our eye, however, is one out of Polius, not a very notable matron as yet, but we fancy she has found her right billet at last, and it would be difficult to say where we would have her yearling altered. We shall pay particular attention to this youngster on succeeding visits; while our pick of the fillies must be between a bay sister to Claremont and a daughter of Jocosa, the latter, as they say, "for choice;" but both are really grand animals, and we had a good opportunity of seeing them put through their facings on the green sward, in a spin in which they "pretty considerably chawed up" some cattle of no small pretensions, among them being a brown filly from Black Rose, rather lightly framed, but as quick as a cat, and a fair child of Lucy Bertram's, not on the big side, but full of grace and quality, and a most determined galloper. A Blair Athol, half brother to Rosebery, is cleverly put together, and on a bigger scale than Ladylike's produce sold here last June; and a sister to Rover must also have our good word, so far as an inspection in her box justifies that recommendation; for she is to the full as good looking, and lacks the doubtful fore legs which always stood in her brother's light. Trickish shows a remarkably handsome filly, and sister to Alyte has all the good points of Mr. Bedington's useful little nag, with more size and liberty. Ortolan, Miss Ida, and Catherine are all well represented; but in this "scamper" we can do no more than indicate "early impressions," and shall return to a more minute consideration of the whole yearling batch when they are more advanced towards the fateful day as yet only looming in the distance. One trait in connection with Blair Athol's stock we did not fail to notice, as last year for the first time, namely, that as the horse grows older he gets harder-looking and sturdier stock, and less of the wash, white-faced spindlings with which he filled his owner's boxes early in life. They are perhaps less taking and magnificent to an unpractised eye, but they stay all the better, and wear on longer than the "old sort," which we had come to look upon as "regulation" types of Blair Athol.

In a future article we purpose to go more fully into details, but

we have contented ourselves for the present with a hurried sketch only, leaving the picture to be filled in in due time. We prefer that our first glimpses of yearlings should be "in the rough," for many reasons: then, having "taken them in" as far as possible, we shall be better enabled profitably to renew the acquaintance, which we trust we may be permitted to do more than once before the day of dispersion in the "leafy month."

## TURFIANA.

THERE was one of the smallest attendances ever seen at Albert Gate on Monday last, when some mares and yearlings from Brick House, remaining unsold from the lot which went up to Newmarket in the autumn, were disposed of to a somewhat unappreciative "ring" of buyers. By the way, we hear that Captain Ray's old place has been taken by Mr. Bedford, who will continue to use it as a stud farm, and Clanronald and Guy Dayrell are the present occupants of its snug stallion boxes. The accommodation at Brick House is quite of a first-class character, everything being well and substantially built, with plenty of light, air, and room in the boxes. Returning to the sale on Monday last, Colonel Maude, Mr. Ellam, and Mr. Alexander were among the purchasers, and among these the owner of the Warren Stud may be said to have taken the pick of the basket in Bonnie Doon, a very nice mare indeed, were it not that she has somewhat shabby fore-legs. The rest were "all leather and prunella," and a worse lot of yearlings never came under Mr. Tattersall's hammer; being small, rough as billygoats, and thin as rakes, while Sylla was responsible for the paternity of most of them. Mr. Ellam has got Ethus into fine condition after his accident, which was caused by his slipping up one frosty day and breaking a bone in his knee; but he is now right as a trivet, and bears no traces of his mishap save an ugly scar on the fractured joint. Old Tormentor, who is heavy in foal to King of the Forest, goes to Cremorne this season, and as the produce of these two celebrities will be nearly allied in blood to Favonius, we should look for great things from the alliance. Mr. Wolfe, of Andover, has, we hear, some capital yearlings this season, which he intends to offer for sale at Stockbridge; and as a proof that he means going in for the pursuit of breeding in earnest, his mares will be allotted to such cracks as Scottish Chief, Dutch Skater, Winslow, Prince Charlie, and others. Bourgogne has a very fine colt by the "Prince of the T.Y.C.," which should run into some money; but we must defer a description of Mr. Wolfe's lot until nearer the day of sale. Mr. Everitt has had bad luck to commence with at Finstall Park, the list of "dead and missing" among his foals being already rather a formidable one; but we trust the worst of his troubles are over, and that all will now go smoothly. Pellegrino is beginning to let down and to fill out into a very nice horse indeed.

The death is reported of The Miner, who stood last year at Easton Lodge, but since returned to his old quarters in Yorkshire, where a fit of apoplexy carried him off, thus leaving us almost entirely bereft of the good old Rataplan blood. Once "the hero of an hour," when he chanced to defeat Blair Athol at York, the Miner has since subsided into the mediocrity which most of his other attempts at racing distinction amply proved him, and it cannot be said that his stud career was altogether a successful one, albeit he claims half (and as most people think the better half) of the credit of producing that sterling horse, Controversy. Miner was in appearance a thick, heavy looking horse, built somewhat after the fashion of "old Rat," and save as a son of that celebrity, he will not be greatly missed from among the sires of the day.

With regard to the acceptances for the Spring Handicaps now before us, they must be reckoned as amply fulfilling the expectations of their framers; but no great inclination is shown to commence a speculation upon them, and we must be content to "bide a wee" before having to record any genuine business. That unsatisfactory lottery, the Waterloo Cup, is now mainly engaging the few pencils at work, and to those desirous of gambling thereon, we would recommend the plan of placing all the nominators' names in a hat, and investing upon one drawn therefrom, which appears as likely a method of "touching the winner" as any in vogue.

Only a week or two since we were writing of King Tom, if we mistake not the Nestor of English stallions; and now the news comes that the last but one of the sons of Pocahontas has followed Favonius and Restitution to the happy pastures. Inasmuch, however, as he has got no foal since 1876, his loss, serious as it is, will not be so severely felt as the untimely deaths of his companions of the Mentmore Stud. For a most excellent like-ness of King Tom, and full accompanying memoir of the gallant old horse, we may refer our readers to a previous number of this paper, wherein much interesting matter may be found relative to his career on the Turf and at the stud. In no sense of the word could King Tom be regarded as the "gentleman of gentility," to which title so many of our sires can lay claim; but he immensely improved our thoroughbreds by the characteristics which he imparted of fine size and bone, coupled with the undeniable ability of most of his progeny, to render good accounts of themselves upon the Turf. For such big horses the King Toms were unusually quick and handy, and they seldom failed to ripen into good stayers when chances were given to them of furnishing and developing. King Tom leaves behind him a numerous tribe of sons, of which perhaps Kingcraft and King Lud, two similarly-bred horses, have the highest claims to succeed to their father's throne; and the list of his mares in the "Stud Book" is happily a long one, and comprises more than one celebrity. The death of King Tom leaves Macaroni lord paramount at Mentmore; but it will doubtless not be long before a suitable companion is found to form profitable alliances with the King Tom mares, in which Miss de Rothschild's collection is unusually rich.

Proceeding with our remarks upon the Derby candidates, and pitching hap-hazard upon one of the many which can claim to rank as almost equal favourites next to Beauclerc, our talk this week shall be of Robert Peck's colt Cyprus, who, but for his unaccountable display in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, would not be far behind the Maiton rival in the quotations. We incline to the opinion, however, that the great two-year-old race of the North was a false run one, many circumstances having since transpired to favour this probability, and we therefore agree to discount altogether the performance of Cyprus therein, and to judge him by the Woodcote test. That he should perform better over the Epsom course is a matter of surprise, when we consider that Cyprus is cut for a flat rather than a hilly track, being fashioned very much like his sire, Lord Clifden, and being much the same shelly sort of horse in his two-year-old days. It is true Cyprus did not beat much at Epsom, but he ran uncommonly well and straight for a backward colt, and should have grown into a grand horse, provided he has wintered well. In the Middle Park Plate he gave way to Maximilian, but we shall always hold him to be the better animal until further running convinces us to the contrary. A good Derby favourite is almost certain to hail from Russley, and we fully expect to find in Cyprus a formidable opponent to the best that can be brought against him, provided he has made the requisite progress during his hours of idleness in the winter. He might be shortened and thickened a trifle behind the saddle to suit the most exacting taste, but we feel sure there

is much good in the horse, and he was neither knocked about nor run off his legs as a two-year-old. At the same time it would be well to see how he has fared since last October before committing ourselves to a decided opinion as to his Derby prospects.

## SKYLARK.

## ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &amp;c.

CROSS-COUNTRY athletes, as usual, were pretty busy on Saturday afternoon. The Thames Hare and Hounds had a pack out numbering eleven, which was augmented by the appearance of a couple of strays, C. H. Lurette and T. Shore. It was only a slow run, but C. H. Mason and R. H. Benson made a race of it for the last two miles and a half, the former coming in first by a couple of seconds, the remainder of the runners coming home in the following order: T. C. Laurence, C. H. Lurette, W. W. Ball, G. A. S. Bolton, P. H. Stenning, T. Shore, T. R. Sachs, W. Rye, C. W. Dicker, R. F. Balkwill, J. A. Squires, and H. Moresby. The fortnightly run of the Peckham A. A. C. was also well attended although this was somewhat owing to strong contingent from the South London Harriers paying them a visit. They had a good two hours' run over the home country and reached home in the following order: W. M. Colson, F. W. Firminger, W. W. Davis, F. L. Firminger, C. D. Evitt, F. Evitt, G. F. Harris, and D. S. Mason. In the evening the annual assault d'armes of the Thames Rowing Club took place at the St. James's Hall the attendance consisting almost entirely of the members or their own special circle of acquaintances. There was more than the usual amount of boxing displays, the exponents being Messrs. R. Frost Smith, H. S. Giles, J. Saunders, G. H. Vize, R. Wakefield, B. J. Angle, B. D. Gibson, A. Walker and G. Sowerby with Tom Allen, Abe Daultry, Jack Hopkins representing the professionals. Corporals Burr, Burt, Johnston and Storer of the 2nd Life Guards, were excellent in the sword exercise; Mr. E. F. Lemaire flung his huge clubs about, as if they were straws; Herr Stempel, and a batch of the German Gymnastic Society, gave displays on the Vaulting Horse and Bars, Professor Otterway, late 2nd Life Guards, and Corporal Blackburn opposed each other in a sword and bayonet contest; Messrs. J. Latham, and J. Mitchell, gave a very tame performance with the foils, and Graham, Johnstone, Beeby and Hunter showed the company what genuine Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestling is.

Billiards have shown signs of a trifle more life during the past week and on Wednesday evening F. Shorter and Jos. Bennett played an exhibition 1,000, at Mr. W. Goosey's saloon, the Belvedere, Pentonville Hill, for the benefit of E. Smith. The arrangements of the proprietor were excellent, and judging from outward appearance the beneficiarie received the substantial reward he deserves. It is many a long day since I have seen Bennett play so well, and two or three of his breaks were put together in that finished and artistic manner for which he was so well-known, and which gained him the well-deserved title of the Prince of Allround Players. A start was fixed to be made at half-past seven, but it was eight o'clock ere Shorter put in an appearance, which fact enables me to call attention to the great want of punctuality to be found in connection with a certain section of professionals. I can remember the time when a match would be certain to start at the moment, but now this is the exception and not the rule; it moreover is, to my thinking, a gross insult to the patrons of the game when they are kept on thorns, waiting sometimes for the best part of an hour, whilst some player who may think himself above censure is regaling himself with a last glass of sherry, or idle talk at a west end refreshment bar. Shorter used to be a pattern of punctuality, and I sincerely hope he has not become contaminated. From the commencement, which took place at 8.5., Bennett showed with a slight lead, and secured his first hundred in 17 minutes. Shorter at that time having put together 45. A break of 40 from the last-named was the best essay from either, until the game reached Bennett, 154, Shorter, 139, when the ex-champion contributed 58, to which his opponent replied with 77 (38 spots). The scores now came rapidly, both being on their metal, and "Fred" running up 27, 32 (9 spots), 62 (19 spots), 52 (10 spots), 52 (15 spots), against 46 (4 spots), and 50 (12 spots), the game reached Bennett 426, Shorter 503, when the time being 9.35., a cessation of play took place. After an adjournment for necessary refreshments at 10.10 play was resumed, when Bennett in his second essay added 51, after which small scores were the order of the game, although the ex-champion gradually crept up until the game stood at 10.34 "574 all." Two runs of 27 and 50, in which he displayed some magnificent all-round play, enabled Bennett to assume a good lead but 30 (9 spots) from Shorter partly counteracted the advantage. However, when the game was Bennett 700, Shorter 663, the former got in with 90 (4 spots), following this up almost immediately with 121 (10 spots)—every shot deserved—and as Shorter only made one stand with a careful 54 (3 and 4 spots), the ex-champion from 966 to 757 went clean out at 11.36 a winner by 243 points. A table by Cox and Yeman was used, "Phizzer" had fitted up the room with his usual care, Smith occupied the scoring-board, whilst young O'Hara spotted the ball and looked after the rests, &c., with aptitude. By-the-way, I hear that Mr. Ted Ellis, well-known in the amateur rowing world, "a jolly good sort," has taken the Oxford Stores, near St. Mary's Church, Strand, and has opened a new table in the old room which was formerly much patronised by many members of the journalistic and theatrical world. For one, I wish him every continued success. To-morrow (Friday) D. Richards takes a benefit at the Middlesex Music Hall, Drury Lane, when the attraction will be a game at pool by Cook, Hunt, Shorter, Oxford, Jonathan, Joseph and Fred Bennett, Stanley, Smith, Evans, Tay and Collins. It will be worth seeing.

Next week the usual billiard tournament takes place at the Queen's Room, Argyll Street, W. Cook is at scratch, and the limit men are Green, of Scotland, Collins, and Killenny, with 170. Both the Scotchman and Yorkshireman, to my mind, have too much start, and I have a great fancy indeed for Green, who has more than an outside chance.

Aquatics are looking up, the captains of the respective clubs at Oxford and Cambridge being already at work, looking up the new material to fill the blanks left in the crews since last year. On Monday W. Forster, and J. Boulton rowed on the Tyne, from the High Level Bridge to the Suspension Bridge, at Scotswood, for £40, and Forster won easily by a couple of lengths. The same day J. Coxon, of Surbiton, and C. Smith, of Kingston, rowed for £20 a side, from the Waterworks at Thames Ditton, to Kingston Bridge, and Smith won easily, by a couple of lengths.

Football, of course, is still in full swing, the principal event being the decision of the drawn tie, between Barnes and Wanderers, at Kennington Oval. It will be remembered that they met on January 12, when the result was a draw, but on the present occasion Wanderers gained an easy victory, by four goals to one. The Barnes captain, I regret to state, broke his collarbone during the contest. Of the other matches that I shall notice this week, the following is a summary:—Clarence beat Minerva First Surrey Rifles, and Pilgrims played a draw. Institute beat Ivanhoe, and Ivanhoe beat University College; St. Philips Rovers, Kingston; London Hospital, St. Mark's Hospital; Kings College School, Falcons; Vipers, Eaton Rovers; Olympic, Unity; Clapham Carlton, Swallows; Clapton, Grosvenor; Leyton,

Romford; King's College, Walthamstow, whilst Upton Park v. Clapham Rovers; Griffiths v. Gresham; St. Stephen's v. St. James, Mosquitoes v. Argonauts, all resulted in draws.

## EXON.

## CHESS.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. T.—We regret the trouble you have had, and thank you very much for your letter.

W. T. P.—We willingly comply with your request.

I. S. P.—Your question is vague, but not altogether unamusing. Send us a few specimens of your skill (not for publication), and we will give you our opinion and advice.

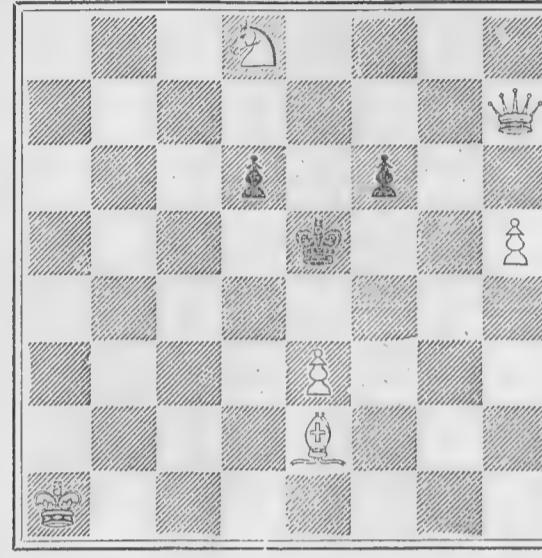
Solutions of Problem No. 172, by G. D., Lancer, and East Marden, are correct.

Solutions of Problem No. 173, by G. D. and T. Knight, are correct.

## PROBLEM NO. 175.

By J. THURSBY.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

An amusing partie played lately between the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw and another amateur:—

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. F.)	(Mr. Earnshaw)	(Mr. F.)	(Mr. Earnshaw)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	o. Castles	B to Q 5
2. Kt to Q B 3	B to B 4	1. P to B 4	Q to K 4
3. P to K Kt 3 (a)	Kt to K B 3	11. B takes Kt	H takes Kt
4. B to K 2	P to Q B 3	12. B takes K P (b)	P to Q 5
5. P to Q 3	P to Q 4	13. B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B
6. B to K 5	B to K 3	14. P to B 5	Q takes K P (c)
7. P takes P	P takes P	15. P takes K B	Q to R 8 (ch) —
8. Q to K 2	Kt to B 3		and draws by perpetual check.

(a) B to B 4, or Kt to B 3 is much stronger.  
(b) B takes Kt P would have lost the game, for Black could have replied with Kt to Kt 5, and then if P takes B, Kt takes R P (ch), and wins.  
(c) Strange that so sharp-sighted a player should have here overlooked the following pretty mate—

14. B takes R	R to Q Kt sq
15. P takes B	Q to Kt 5
16. P takes P	P takes P

and White cannot prevent Black from mating him in two moves.

A LIVELY gamelet played last week at the Grand Divan:—

(King's Knight's Gambit.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. MacDonnell)	(Mr. X.)	(Mr. MacDonnell)	(Mr. X.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	10. P to K R 4 (c)	P to Kt 5 (d)
2. P to K B 4	P takes P	11. Kt to R 2	P to K 4
3. Kt to K B 4	P to K Kt 4	12. P takes P	P takes P
4. B to B 4	B to K 2	13. Castles	Kt to K B 3
5. P to B 3	P to K R 3	14. B takes R P (d)	P takes B
6. P to Q 4	P to Q 3	15. R takes P	Kt to B 3
7. Kt to K 3 (a)	B to K 3 (b)	16. P to K 5	Kt takes P
8. B takes B	P takes B	17. R to K sq	Resigns.
9. Q to K 3	Q to B sq		

(a) A novel, and, by no means, ineffective mode of continuing to attack.

(b) A weak move, to be avoided in this, and all similar positions.

(c) The game now assumes, and retains to the end, a very pretty and amusing aspect.

(d) Quite sound.

## NEW CHESS PROBLEM ASSOCIATION.

1. With a view to preserving the best problems composed from time to time, and also of amalgamating the several national Problem Associations recently organised, it is proposed to form a Society, consisting of English and Foreign Problem Composers, called "The International Chess Problem Association": its sole object being to publish every ten years, Problems selected by the Members.

2. To meet the expenses of publication each contributor of 25 problems would be required to pay £6 to the Treasurer, elected by vote: the charge, in fact, would be at the rate of five shillings a problem; and as many or as few may be sent as desired. The balance, if any, will be returned to each member at the close of the first year, together with his share of the proceeds, which would be apportioned at the same rate every year.

3. There would be three Editors, and one Treasurer, elected by vote.

4. And such Editors would have the power of advertising, publishing, and of rejecting problems sent in.

5. Each Editor shall be allowed to insert six extra problems without further payment.

6. Those gentlemen, at home or abroad, wishing to join, are requested to send their names to Mr. J. Pierce, Copthill House, Bedford, England.

\*.\* The list of names will be published in the various Chess organs when ready.

January, 1878.

## CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.

On Monday evening last Mr. H. E. Bird was specially welcomed and hospitably entertained by the committee of the above club. His health was proposed in very cordial terms by the President, Mr. Gastineau; and Mr. Bird, in reply thereto, expressed his pride and satisfaction at the treatment accorded to him since his return by the members of the City Club, and, indeed, by all the leading players of London. He then referred to his visit to the United States and Canada, where he had experienced great kindness and made many friends. More than thirty gentlemen were present. And they constituted quite a representative assembly of English players. Amongst them were Messrs. Roden, Duffy, Blackburn, Potter, Manning, Doun, Dick, Green, Gumpel, Webber, Abbott, Haywood, Delanooy, and the Revs. Gerard Williams and G. A. Macdonnell, &c., &c. On the whole the entertainment was thoroughly successful, and we may add for the benefit of those whom it concern, that no sentiment was more heartily applauded than that expressed by several speakers, namely, that the kindly feeling and unselfish disposition which one and all of the members of the City Club uniformly manifest whenever they meet for business or festal purposes might extend to all chess circles.

A TOILET GEM.—"Golden Star" Bay Leaf Water, unrivalled as a Toilet Water for its delightful and remarkably delicate aromatic odour. The pleasures and benefits of a bath are increased wonderfully by the addition of a small quantity of it. Extraordinary tonic properties are conceded to it for the nervous and those suffering from headache or fatigue. Beware of spurious imitations. Buy only the "Golden Star" Bay Leaf Water, which name is registered for protection. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

## COURSING.

POWDERHAM (DEVON) MEETING.—This annual meeting came off on Tuesday at Powderham, the seat of the Earl of Devon. Owing to the recent inclement weather, hares were somewhat scarce in the open. There were, however, ample to run off the three stakes allotted for the day's sport. The weather was fine, the attendance good, and the hares ran remarkably strong, so that only comparatively few came to grief; altogether it was one of the most successful meetings ever held at Powderham. Mr. Wentworth acted as judge, G. Nash as slipper, and Mr. S. Dobles as honorary secretary. For the Devon Stakes, of 4 guineas each, there were eight entries. Mr. W. Strong's Statesman won the first prize, of 18 guineas and a pair of silver-plated slips; Mr. H. Steer's Satire, second, of 8 guineas; Mr. W. Vicary's Varina and Mr. W. Lee's Jim won a prize of 3 guineas each. There were also eight entries, of 3 guineas each, for the Courtney Stakes. Mr. P. Collings's Spiders won the first prize, of 14 guineas; Mr. G. K. Trip's Flying Duchess, second, of 6 guineas; and Mr. J. Warren's Rudley and Mr. N. Ball's Belle, of 2 guineas each. The Starcross Stakes (open), of eight greyhounds, at 5 guineas, was won as follows:—First prize, of 24 guineas, was won by Mr. S. L. Dunsford's Daphne; second, of 10 guineas, by Mr. W. Bryant's Galopin; Mr. J. M. Braund's Beeswing won 3 guineas.

SURREY COURSING CLUB, PLUMPTON.—Judge, Mr. J. S. Nunn; slipper, A. Nailard. Results:—The Addington Stakes: Mr. G. King's Kink-jou, by King's Delight out of Energy, won; Mr. W. Letchford's Lord Clive, by Seer out of Colligan's Pride, ran up. The Carshalton Stakes: Mr. W. Cooper's Corona, by Peer out of Sister Ann, won; Mr. C. Elphick's Elsham Lass, by Edward out of Beauty, ran up. The Butchers' Cup: Mr. W. Lawrence's Lady Hampton, by Peer out of Sister Ann, won; Mr. Crittal's Cambridge, by Peer, dam by Sam Weller, ran up. Surrey Club Stakes: Mr. W. Cooper's Master Douglas, by Barnby out of Winifred, won; Mr. H. Smith's Lady of the Lake, by Red Lepeliette out of Fly (Stevens), ran up. The Brighton Stakes: Mr. A. Black and Miss Alice, by Wrestler out of Daisy, won; Mr. A. Dawes and Hilarity, by Countrymen out of Pride, ran up. The Plumpton Stakes: Mr. E. Lambert's Metz, by Iron Shot out of Misericere, ran up. The "Griffins'" Cup (presented by T. Rudkin, to be run for by winners of Addington and Carshalton Stakes) was won by Corona.

## SALE OF HORSES.

The following horses were sold by Messrs. Tattersall on Monday last—

The Property of a Gentleman.

## YEARLINGS.

	Gs.
A bay colt by Sylla—Sister Mary	Mr. Davey 12
A chestnut colt by Sylla—Lady Florence	Mr. Hedfo 20
A bay colt by Sylla—Sister to Summer's Eve	Mr. Woodland 20
A bay filly by Julius—Dahlia	Mr. Ellam 22
A chestnut filly by Sylla—Scotia Queen	Mr. Ellam 30

## BROOD MARES.

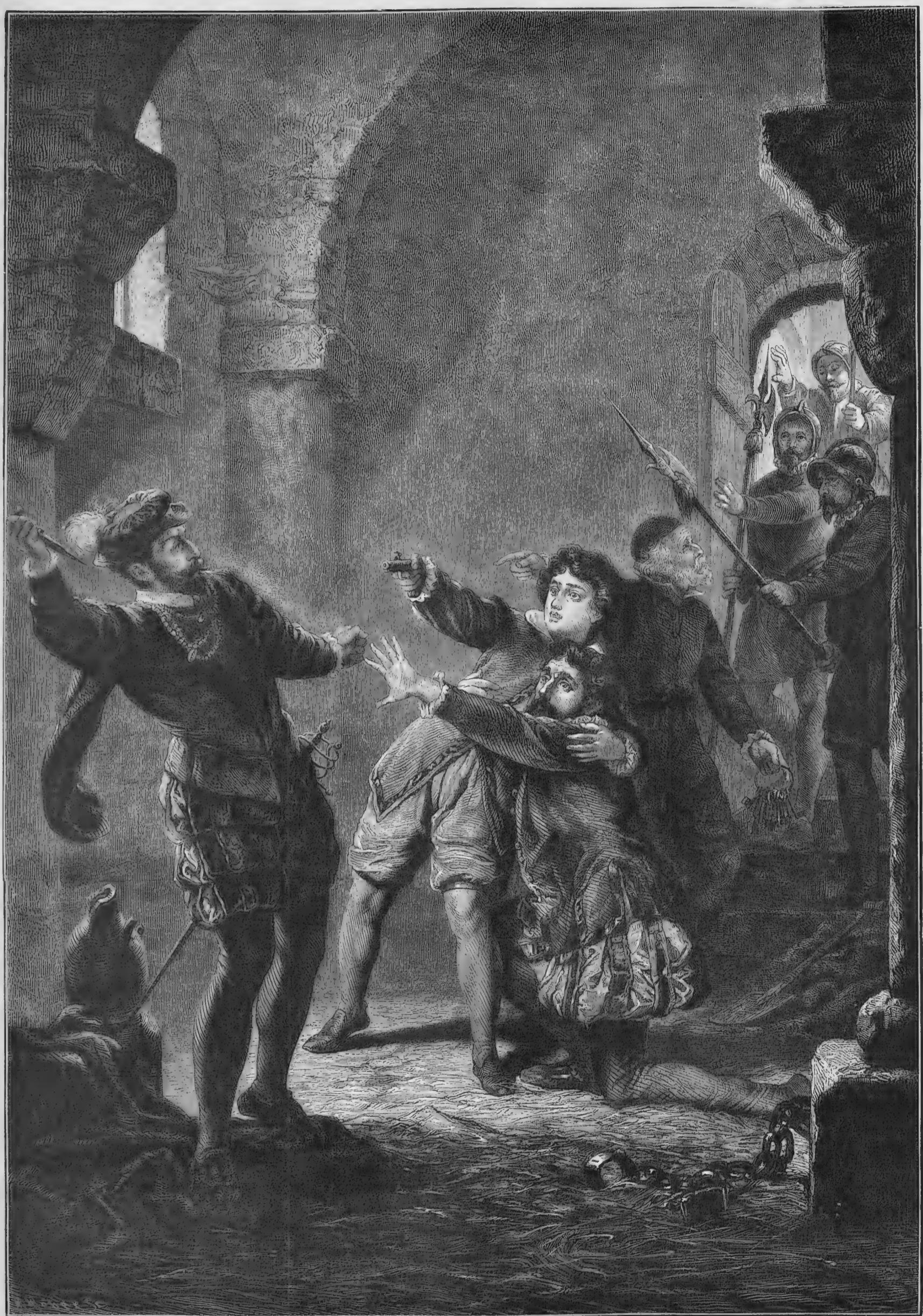
Dahlia (foaled 1872) by The Duke—Datura; covered by Julius	Colonel Maude 50
A bay mare by Stockwell—Summerside; covered by Sylla...Mr. Hoare 20	Bonnie Doon (foaled 1872) by Blair Athole—Isilia; covered by Sylla
Bonnie Doon (foaled 1872) by Blair Athole—Isilia	Mr. Ellam 1,150
Sister Mary (foaled 1862) by Ellington—Hersey; covered by Sylla	Mr. Alexander 15
The Property of a Gentleman.	

Curtius, ch b by Thunderbolt—Blanche de Nevers	Mr. Cleaver 34
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## STUD NEWS.

\*.\* Stud News intended to be inserted in the current week's number should reach us not later than Thursday morning.

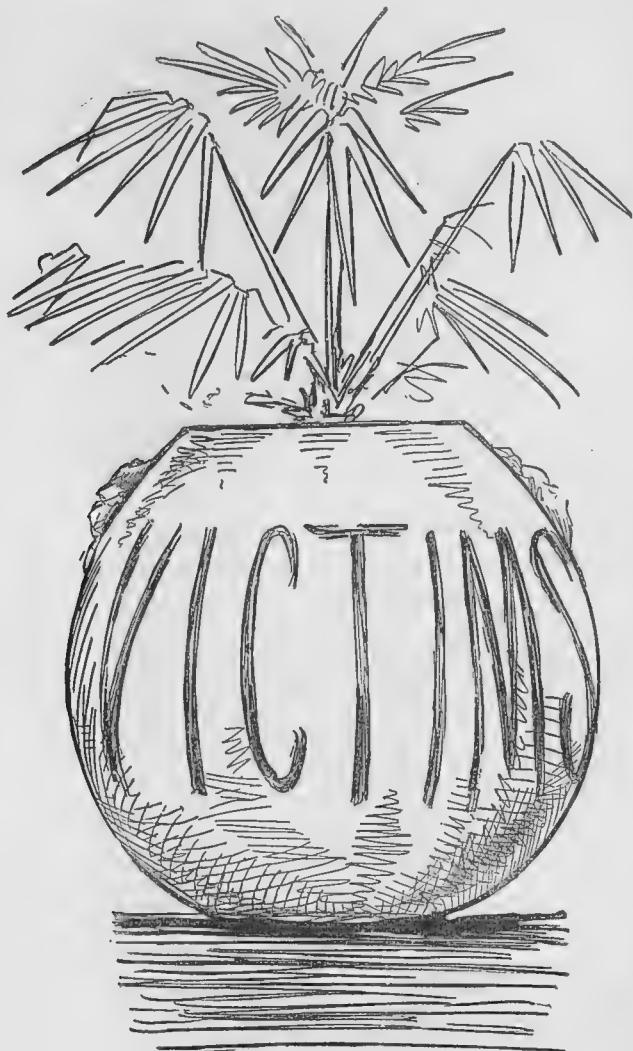
AT WOODLANDS STUD (Mr. Wm. Haansbergen's) Knitsley Station, Consett branch N. E. R. Co., Durham. The following mares have been booked to Macgregor:—Mr. William Brown's Jealousy by Underhand, in foal by Macgregor; Callipedia by Caractacus, Honoria by Colsterdale, and Ambuscade by Rataplan; Mr. Ed. Etches' Cherrie by Stockwell (already arrived with a ch foal foal by Julius); Quail by Underhand; Mr. Milne Walker's Lady Agnes by Lozenge, out of Bath Ide, and mare by Knowsley out of Peradventure, both in foal to Argyle; Mr. Van Haansbergen's Isabel (dam of St. Vincent) in foal to Argyle; Mr. Dudley Milner's Queen (see dam of Kingscere) by King Tom in foal to Adventurer; Mr. Robert Clark's Bee by Lord Clifton, from Queen Bee by Amorino, in foal to Kaisr-r;



SCENES FROM FAMOUS PLAYS AND OPERAS.—No. 17. "FIDELIO."

**OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.**

As the curtain rises on *Victims* at the Court Theatre, the first thing that strikes one (and it hits with considerable force) is a huge Brass Pot. Round about this cauldron stout there are ranged a number of lesser pots, but lacking the brilliancy of that



central triumph of decorative art. It is with some difficulty the eye picks from out the stage surroundings the figure of a footman, who is, as usual in pieces of this kind, giving the audience a brief explanation of what sort of people they are likely to encounter in the course of the performance. The dressing of the

Twain introduce himself to an audience on a very foggy night. From a different cause, but with as much effect, Mr. Cathcart, as Skinner, might have commenced the inevitable explanation that Mr. Tom Taylor had gathered together people utterly unfitted to each other's company, and was about to lavish the wealth of his insights of humanity upon them. As the eye becomes accustomed to glare, so the pot and its satellites presently became less hurtful to the vision, and when Mr. Kelly strode in he was quite discernible, though I must say he had manfully endeavoured to quell the brilliancy of King Pot by assuming an almost equally brilliant ginger wig. By the way, Mr. Kelly is the first

*Herr Hammerstein.*

gentleman I have ever seen bearing the phenomenon of red hair, accompanied by a dark brown beard, tinged with grey. Early in the first act, Mr. Denison came in admirably made up as a trusty house steward, warmed a newspaper for his master's breakfast, and went away for the rest of the evening. I have noticed this line of conduct on the part of this actor before; he pleases with a little bit of acting early in the performance, and then vanishes. Is the manager of the Court Theatre afraid to let the public have any more of Mr. Denison, or does that gentleman, like a music-hall artist "take a turn" or two at other houses? It is very

*Miss Pecker*

merest chance, the corner of the room where Mrs. Merryweather had her bed, was screened by a door. Presently, Miss Ellen Terry, as the lackadaisical Mrs. Merryweather, glided through this door, looking like one of Miss Kate Greenaway's charming valentine designs. Where does this lady buy the fabrics of which

*An Attitudinarian.*

stage—for scénery there is none—is so obtrusively prominent and bumptious that it absorbed the prefatory footman entirely; and I verily heard him speaking before I could distinguish his figure. "Ladies and gentlemen, I don't know whether you can see me or not, but I'm here," is the way in which I once heard Mark

noticeable in comedies of the *Victims* character, that everything in the business of the household takes place in one room. Now, in the Potted-room at Mr. Merryweather's, the servants hung about, the master's breakfast was laid there, visitors came and went, "a young person" called for employment, and, by the

*McHare as a literary card.*

her costumes are made? Other fair artists seem to be unable to procure stuffs so tasteful in colour and patterns. Has Miss Terry some fossil tradesman held in bondage, not to sell his stock of old materials to any but herself? I wish she would impart the secret to some half-dozen actresses I could mention who waste their substance on garishness.

Miss Ellen Terry is always elegant, always graceful—she cannot

help it, "for 'tis her nature to;" but I am inclined to think she is beginning to somewhat overdo the posing business; every word every moment is a new attitude—grace becomes restlessness, and it is possible to have too much of the Maddox-Brown-Burne-Jones-Rossetti movement after all. I have tried to show in a sketch the changes of Miss Ellen Terry's body while gazing steadfastly into the face of Fitzherbert. If the reader will take the lines of the body as sketched sitting, and then follow the dotted lines, after some study and a good deal of trouble, what I mean will be discernible. These changes took place in the space of five minutes. In act the second it was a relief to get from amongst the pots and tapestried window curtains (which were, I perceived, carefully copied from the design round Marcus Ward's Shakespearian Calendar) into Fitzherbert's lodgings.

Mr. Hare plays the little literary cad, Fitzherbert, with his usual care and discernment; and Miss B. Henri, as his neglected wife, was pretty and charming, but too smartly dressed. Mr. John Clarke, who has a part identical with some that he played at the Criterion prior to the production of *Pink Dominos*, was amusing in his dilemmas; the two frequent use of the expression "by Jove" throughout his performance, however, became almost as offensive as the gag of a low comedian in pantomime. Mrs. Gaston Murray, as the strong-minded Miss Pecker—which character she made up as a happy combination of Miss Emily Faithful and Mr. Edmund Lyons in private costume—got a good deal of broad humour out of it without once touching farce. In the third act, back to the pot scene, now with the addition of a grand piano and a number of guests arranged from one of Mr. Du Maurier's *Punch* sketches of an "At Home." Mr. David Fisher, capitally made up as a German musician, played a caricature of the music of the future, and there was a good deal of fun at the expense of modern small society. The guests are well-chosen, well conducted, and well-dressed; the old "Adelphi guests" are now evidently only pleasant memories of the stage. I was amused at a pretty guest in pink, who entered into the fun of the thing entirely from the audience point of view. One last word regarding the pot movement in stage dressing. Mr. Hare might be up all Wardour Street, and heap as much of Messrs. Minton's pottery establishment as he could upon the stage, but he will never arrive at so pleasing and artistic effect as I remember in a scene of Mr. O'Connor's at the Haymarket—in the Comedy of *Charity* I think it was. The room represented was decorated with groups of old china, every bit of which was painted on the canvas. A scene on the stage is a representation; you are looking at it, you are not amongst it; and the sooner Mr. Hare introduces more of Messrs. Gordon and Harford, and less of MM. Amedee Joubert et Fils the better.

It is just possible Mr. Hare may have meant a wholesome satire on modern house dressing and modern small society by the decorations of his stage and the actions of his company. If this be so, his caricature is too sudden and peremptory. The change from using the pots and pans of modern decoration as accessories of actual serious necessity in modern comedy, to the use of the same articles as a means of ridicule, cannot be accepted by his audiences. His shaft misses its mark, and if he cares to pioneer on the same principle again he must obtain a better book than *Victims*, and treat it with broader emphasis than shown in his present production.

#### FAVOURITE PROVINCIAL PLAYERS.

##### MR. HENRY ST. VINCENT.

HENRY HYAM VINCENT BARNETT, *nom de theatre* Henry St. Vincent, was born on February 24, 1848, and is the eldest son of the late Joseph Barnett, Esq., of Liverpool, merchant and hotel proprietor. Educated at the Liverpool Institute and Queen's College, where he had the honour of commanding, as captain, one of the companies of cadets in connection with the school, Mr. Vincent was originally intended for the medical profession. His father was, however, in consequence of business misfortunes, compelled to abandon the idea in favour of the mercantile profession, which he accordingly entered. The firm in which he was engaged becoming involved in trouble by the crisis which ensued at the termination of the American war, he resolved to try the stage, having had some experience as an amateur in the Liver (of which Mr. Sothern was in his early days a member), Phoenix and Cambridge Clubs. Commencing at the foot of the ladder he accepted an engagement for utility at the Bolton Theatre, rising within six months to the position of leading actor by the following Christmas. He was then only twenty years of age. His next engagement was as stage manager of the old Queen's Theatre, Manchester, where he produced within eleven days, in conjunction with Mr. Shepley, the author, the pantomime of *Boy Blue*,

#### STUD HORSES.

##### AT HEATH HOUSE STUD FARM, NEW-MARKET.

**A**NDRED, a limited number of thoroughbred mares, at 10 guineas a mare, and one guinea the groom. QUEEN'S MESSENGER, 30 thoroughbred mares, at 10 guineas a mare, and one guinea the groom. (SUBSCRIPTION FULL.) Apply to Mr. M. DAWSON, as above.

##### AT THE STUD COMPANY'S FARM, COBHAM, SURREY.

**B**LUE GOWN, at 100 guineas. CARNIVAL, at 50 guineas. GEORGE FREDERICK, at 50 guineas. WILD OATS, at 25 guineas. CATERER, at 25 guineas.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares at 25s. per week; Barren mares at 20s. per week. Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

AT FINSTALL, BROMSGROVE.

**C**ARDINAL YORK, by Newminster out of Licence by Gameboy.—Limited to Thirty Mares, at 45 Guineas each.

PELEGRIINO by The Palmer out of Lady Audley, by Macaroni.—Limited to Ten approved Foaling Mares, at 25 Guineas each.

PAUL JONES by Buccaneer out of Queen of the Gipsies by Chanticleer, her dam Rambling Katie by Melbourne out of Phryne by Touchstone.—At 20 Guineas a Mare.

Foaling mares, 25s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week.

Apply to Stud Groom, as above.

AT BAUMBER PARK, NEAR HORNCastle, LINCOLNSHIRE.

**C**ERULEUS (own brother to Blue Gown), by Beadsman, out of Bas Bleu, by Stockwell, a few mares at 15gs, groom's fee included; dams of good winners at half price.

MERRY SUNSHINE (own brother to Sunshine), by Thormanby, out of Subeam, by Chanticleer, at 70gs, groom's fee included; foaling mares at 21s. and barren mares at 14s. per week; all expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Both these horses are sound.

Apply to MR. SHARPE, as above.

AT THE PARK PADDocks, NEWMARKET **K**INGCRAFT, a limited number of thoroughbred mares at 25gs. ach, and one guinea the groom.

Apply to Mr. SAVAGE, as above.

perhaps the most successful ever played there, running until the demolition of the theatre commenced, its site having been purchased some time before for offices. After a short probation in Sunderland, Leeds, &c., Mr. Vincent was engaged by Mr. Charles Dillon, who took a very kind interest in him, as his second for a tour, on the termination of which he commenced an engagement with George Stanley, Esq., the manager of the Tyne Theatre and Opera House, Newcastle, remaining there for three successive seasons, becoming a very great favourite, playing for long runs Badger in *The Streets of London*, Corinthian Tom in *Tom and Jerry*, Tom Burroughes in *Formosa*, &c. It was here that Mr. Wilson Barrett first met Mr. Vincent, and engaged him for a lengthened tour to support Miss Heath, as Andre, the Marquis des Arcis in *Fernandez*, and Captain Levison in *East Lynne*. On its termination he was specially engaged to support Miss Marriott during a tour through England. In the following Autumn he was engaged by John Knowles, Esq., for the Theatre Royal, Manchester, the greater portion of the season being devoted to revivals of *Faust* and *Marguerite*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Ticket of Leave Man*, in which he played for lengthened turns the parts of Faust, Romeo, and Bob Brierley. In *Romeo and Juliet*, Miss Wallis and Mr. Vincent made their first appearances in the leading rôles together. After fulfilling an engagement at Plymouth, he was engaged for the New Theatre Royal, Bristol, at the termination of the season transferring his services to the late Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham, supporting in the leading rôles Mrs. Scott Siddons, Miss Ada Cavendish, and other eminent stars, with such success that the managers re-engaged him for the following season. Mr. Vincent's engagement was terminated by the disastrous fire which destroyed the theatre in 1875, and in which he was one of the greatest sufferers, having the misfortune to lose his wardrobe, theatrical properties, jewellery, &c. Within three hours of the commencement of the conflagration he negotiated and settled a very profitable engagement with Mr. Alexander Wright for a supplementary season at the Theatre Royal, Greenock, which eventually extended to thirteen weeks. Mr. Vincent made his first appearance in London at the Gaiety Matinée on November 17th, 1875, as Romeo.

#### KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL "CHRISTMAS TREE."

THE children, then inmates of King's College Hospital, together with those adult patients who were well enough to enjoy "the fun," were entertained on Tuesday last with those innocent diversions which surround and belong to "a Christmas Tree." The medical officers, students and their friends, mustered in great force, and the affair, which lasted about three hours, passed off with great *éclat*. One of the most interesting sights of the show was the conveyance of the little folk to bed in the arms of the young students. That and other scenes of the bright merry-making have been graphically depicted by our artist.

**A**MAUTEUR PERFORMANCE.—A dramatic and musical performance of an unusual and most interesting character, was given on Tuesday evening, the 29th of January, by some members of the "Highbury Young Men's Association." To represent, even respectfully, the "Œdipus at Colonus" of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music, would be in these days of "amateur theatricals," an achievement of no common order, far more than this, however, was accomplished. Without aid from scenery, classical costume, or properties of any kind, the severe simplicity, and noble pathos of the tragedy, were not merely indicated, but were forcibly presented to the audience. The blank verse was adequately, even eloquently spoken—gesture and facial expression were telling, and natural, and the effect upon the numerous audience was apparent at every fine line of the play. The part of Œdipus, the blind, exiled, King of Thebes, was performed with much dignity, and with real intelligence throughout; the lines spoken by Theseus, King of Athens, were likewise well and musically delivered; the representative of the devoted daughter, Antigone, was singularly and refreshingly unaffected and pathetic; indeed, we do not hesitate to affirm that the whole representation was marked with a refinement and propriety for which many a persistent playgoer has vainly yearned. The grand old tragedy, written for men who lived more than two thousand years ago, asserted with quite astonishing force its strong hold upon human sympathy in these days; and, little as such a tribute will be expected by the performers, the thanks of the lovers of true dramatic art are due to them for their successful efforts.

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#### AT BEENHAM HOUSE, READING (ONE MILE AND A HALF FROM ALDERMASTON STATION).

**C**YMBAL, by Kettledrum out of Nelly Hill, will cover thirty mares including his owner's, at 25 guineas each, and 1 guinea to the groom.

Cymbal has covered in France several seasons, and among the first of his get is Plaisante, while he is two-year-old winners in France and England comprise, Phenix, Porcelaine, Silence, Ma Cherie, Charbonette, Maroc II., and Opopanax.

Apply to Mr. THOS. CARTWRIGHT, Stud Groom.

#### AT THE STUD FARM, ASKE, RICHMOND YORKSHIRE.

**K**ING LUD will serve a limited number of approved mares at 30 guineas each.

MOROCCO.—At 2 guineas.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are taken away.

Apply to J. TROWSDALE, as above.

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**K**ING OF THE FOREST, by Scottish Chief, will cover thirty mares, including his owner's, at 50 gs. each, and 1 guinea to the groom.

Apply to Mr. THOS. CARTWRIGHT, Stud Groom.

#### FOR THE SEASON 1878.

AT HIGHFIELD HALL, ST. ALBANS.

**K**NIGHT OF ST. PATRICK; the only horse alive except King Tom out of Pocahontas, the dam of Stockwell.—At 20 Guineas, and 1 Guinea the Groom.

COCK OF THE WALK; the only Chanticleer horse at the Stud.—At 10 Guineas, and 10 Shillings the Groom.

Apply to JOHN GRIFFITH, jun., stud groom.

#### AT MYTON STUD FARM, near YORK.

**S**YRIAN, by Mentmore, out of Princess, at 25 gs., and 1 sov. the groom.

Winners and dams of winners of 500 sovs., in one stake, gratis.

BLUERMANTLE, by Kingston, out of Paradigm (Lord Lyon's dam).—Thoroughbred mares at 15 sovs. each, and 1 sov. the groom; half-bred mares 5 sovs. each, and 1 sov. the groom.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are taken away.

Apply to EDWARD C. MUNBY Esq., Estates Office, Myton, Helpby, York.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MACGREGOR.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

DEAR SIR,—In your paper of 26th January, I find the following remarks by "Skylark," in *Turkiana*: "We cannot say that Beauclerc looks quite a Derby horse, but is built after the fashion of Macgregor and others whose speed was undeniable, but their lasting powers more than doubtful." I decidedly object to this last sentence, which implies that Macgregor was not a stayer, and of this there is no proof; but there is very strong presumptive evidence of the contrary, because in the first place, Macgregor, after beating the winners of the Oaks, Derby, and St. Leger, the only times he met them prior to his breakdown, was backed very heavily by that acknowledged astute judge, his then owner, Mr. Merry, for the Derby, who may have been mistaken, but was it likely? He thought the race such a certainty for Macgregor, that he refused to hedge his own money at odds on the horse. Now, is it likely that Mr. Merry would have acted so, unless he had been thoroughly persuaded that Macgregor was a stayer, and remember that Sunshine the best two-year-old of the previous year was in the same stable, to gauge the merits of her companion. I went home with Mr. Merry the day, or the day after, Doncaster sales, and he was very much disgusted at the small price Macgregor made, which to him, as to many afterwards, seemed inexplicable.—He told me that Macgregor was so highly tried, that owner and trainer could scarcely believe that any horse could be so good, and that but for the unfortunate breakdown in the Derby, he would have won by that indefinite measure usually termed the length of a street. In the second place, if further evidence is necessary, Macgregor was so full of go in the Derby, that up to the very moment of his breakdown he was pulling his jockey almost out of his saddle, as any one who saw the race will remember.—Yours truly,

W. B. VAN HAANSBERGEN.

January 30th, 1878.

#### THE NEW THEATRE AT DRESDEN.

A misprint in our last issue under the block on page 472 gave the splendid act drop of our illustration to the New East End Theatre at Berlin, whereas it was really executed, as we stated in our article, for the New Theatre at Dresden. We discovered the mistake too late for its correction, that portion of our paper having been many hours at press.

**M**ORE HONOURS TO BARRY SULLIVAN.—On Friday week last, on the stage of the Theatre Royal, Londonderry, in the presence of a crowded audience, Sir William Miller, J.P., mayor (who was accompanied by the members of the corporation of the ancient city), presented Barry Sullivan with the following flattering address:—"On behalf of the citizens of Londonderry, of all creeds and classes, we feel we could not permit you, on this your first visit, to take your farewell without tendering you sincere and heartfelt thanks for favouring us with five of your truly wonderful histrionic representations. We, and all those who have had the pleasure of witnessing your classical delineations, have been delighted and spell-bound by your unrivalled exhibitions of dramatic art and elocutionary power. There are actors who tear brilliant passages and grand conceptions to pieces—who rant, rave, and gesticulate, in such fantastic style, that cultivated minds become sick and disgusted with stage readings; but to you, sir, the gifted authors of bygone days are deeply indebted for "holding the mirror up to nature," and bringing out, in the most polished and artistic manner, the characters they painted for our approval or condemnation. Few there are, indeed, who will not admit that stage pictures, such as you pourtray, teach moral lessons of the highest order. The Press has made most of us familiar with the name and fame you have acquired in Great Britain, the United States, Canada, California, and Australia; and now, from our own personal observations, we willingly endorse all the well-deserved compliments of which you have been the recipient. During the present century the stage has lost many of its choicest ornaments; but, while Barry Sullivan lives, it can still call forth, as occasion requires, the services of one of its brightest stars. We, sir, are rejoiced to call you fellow-countryman—we recognise and acknowledge your genius as an actor—and we heartily congratulate you on the attainment of your premier position on the stage, the result of unusual natural ability and profound study. Please accept, then, from us extreme northerns the highest meed of praise and thanks for having honoured us with your professional presence, and we wish you very many years of good health, happiness, and continued prosperity."

#### FOR THE SEASON 1878.

**V**EDETTE (site of Galopin).—A limited number of Mares, besides his owner's at 25 Guineas, and one Guinea the Groom.

**C**OSTA by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks).—At 10 Guineas, and 10s. the Groom.

**C**ECROPS by Newcourt (by Sir Hercules) out of Cavriana by Longbow or Mountain Deer—Calavella by Birdcatcher—Caroline by Drone. He was the fastest horse of his day, and is sire of Veneressa Dunnnow, and other winners.—At 25 Guineas, and 1 Guinea the Groom.

**C**LANSMAN by Roebuck, dam by Faugh-a-Ballagh out of Makeaway by Harkaway, a dark brown horse, with fine action, sire of many good hunters and prize winners.—At 5 Guineas, Half-bred Mares 3 Guineas, and 5s. the Groom.

All subscriptions to be taken of Mr. TATTERSALL, at Albert Gate.

**A**T BONEHILL PADDocks, TAMWORTH, STAFFORDSHIRE.

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## SALES BY AUCTION.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—Queen's-gate, S.W., Barnes, Redhill, Old Kent-road, Brixton, Battersea, and Brompton.—Freehold and Leasehold Properties.

**M. R. BEAL** will SELL by AUCTION, at the MART, Tokenhouse-yard, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, February 6, at one, the undermentioned PROPERTIES:

QUEEN'S-GATE, S.W. (within two doors of).—The Lease of a superior town Mansion, with stabling, being No. 24, Elvaston-place.

**BARNES.**—The Moorings, Archway-street, White Hart-lane. Detached Residence, with stabling and grounds, producing on repairing lease £50 per annum.

**REDHILL.**—Chesterton Villa, Oxford-terrace. Let on lease at £75 per annum. Held for 85 years unexpired, at £14 per annum.

**OLD KENT-ROAD.**—Four Leasehold Houses, Nos. 102, 104, 108, and 110, Coburg-road; leasehold ground rents, secured on Nos. 1 to 6, Gothic Cottages, Ivy Lodge No. 1, Ivy-place, Rose and Pearl-cottages, all situate in the Coburg-road, together producing £203 6s. per annum. Held for 8½ years unexpired, at £45 6s. per annum.

**BRIXTON.**—Improved Leasehold Ground Rents, amounting to £18 15s. per annum. Held for 14½ years unexpired, at £42 15s. per annum, amply secured on property at Brixton, the rack rentals of which exceed £2,000 per annum.

**BATTERSEA.**—Three Leaseholds, Nos. 13, 14, and 18, Britannia-street, Plough-lane, producing £57 4s. Held for about 78 years, at the apportioned ground rent of £9 15s. per annum.

**BROMPTON.**—The Leasehold, No. 3, Thurlow-mews, comprising three-stall stable, coachhouse, &c. Held for 70 years from 1844, at £4 10s. per annum, and producing £45 per annum.

**WESTMINSTER.**—Factory, near Millbank, with steam power, with possession, and a Short Leasehold Profit Rental of £25 per annum. By direction of the executors of the late L. Blaize, 67, St. James's-street, S.W.

Particulars of the respective properties can be obtained at the Mart; and at 20, Regent-street, S.W.

By direction of the Guardians of the Westminster (St. James's) Union.—Wandsworth-common.—Available and important Freehold Estate of about 15 acres, with frontage to the Wandsworth-common (the use of which is now dedicated to the public by Act of Parliament for recreation purposes) of about 900 feet, and about 580 feet to the great thoroughfare St. James's-road, and 2,000 feet to two other suggested new roads. The entire property is in the parish of Battersea, bordering on that of Streatham, advantageously situate three minutes' walk from the Wandsworth-common Railway Station, on the London and Brighton Line, and contiguous to a rapidly-growing neighbourhood. As a building site it is ripe for immediate development for the erection of residences of a superior class. As at present proposed to be laid out there are sites for nearly one hundred residences, the main portion having from 40 feet to 50 feet frontages, with depths of 200 feet and upwards and less.

**M. R. BEAL** has been favoured with instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, City, on Wednesday, the 23rd of MARCH, at 1 o'clock precisely, in one lot, the above attractive and speculative FREEHOLD BUILDING ESTATE, of 15 acres, adjoining the Wandsworth-common and close to the railway station. Particulars and conditions of sale may in due course be obtained of Messrs. Beal and de Soys, Solicitors, 30, Regent-street, S.W.; at the Mart; at the Hope Tavern, Wandsworth-common; and at the Auctioneer's offices, 20, Regent-street, Waterloo-place, S.W.

**GREAT BRICKHILL, BUCKS.**—A desirable Freehold Property, known as The Cottage, adapted for a hunting box, delightfully situate, about four miles from Leigh-on-Buzzard and the Leighton Station on the North-Western Railway, and within the meets of Baron Rothschild's and Mr. Selby Lowndes' packs of hounds. It comprises a comfortable residence, with stabling and outbuildings, pleasure grounds, gardens, orchard, gardener's cottage, and enclosures of meadow land, about 7½ acres. With possession.

**M. ESSRS. NORTON, TRIST, WATERNEY, AND CO.** are instructed to offer for SALE, at the Mart, London, on FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8th, at 2 o'clock precisely, the above PROPERTY. Particulars had of Messrs. Garnett, Tarbet, and Tinne, Solicitors, No. 53, Castle-street, Liverpool; the Elephant and Castle, Leighton Buzzard; and of the Auctioneers, 62, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

**TO AMATEURS, &c.**—The ROYAL AQUARIUM THEATRE to be LET, for amateur performances, concerts, or entertainments. Apply to Acting Manager, Royal Aquarium Theatre, for vacant dates and terms.

[Continuation of Horse Auctions.]

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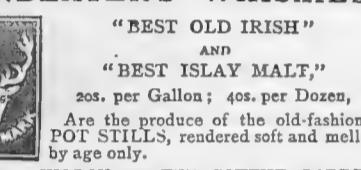
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## No. 3.—MR. W. G. COUSINS,

Whose portrait we have the pleasure of publishing in the present number, was born in London, and studied, when quite young, at the Conservatoire in Brussels, under Féétis, etc. He subsequently gained the King's Scholarship twice at the Royal Academy of Music in London, where he studied under Cipriani, Potier, and Sterndale Bennett. During this time he played frequently at the

public concerts of the students given at the Hanover-square Rooms, and had several of his own compositions performed. While still a student he was appointed organist of the Queen's private chapel, and of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. On leaving the Royal Academy he went to Germany, and played at Berlin, and at the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig. He subsequently for some years gave orchestral concerts in London, producing overtures, works for orchestra and voices, and a pianoforte concerto. He also appeared at the Philharmonic Society's Concerts, the Crystal Palace and others. In 1867 he was appointed

Conductor of the Philharmonic Society's Concerts, which post he still holds; and in the autumn of this year (1867) conducted the first performance of Sterndale Bennett's oratorio, "The Woman of Samaria," at the Birmingham Festival. He also conducted the performance of it given afterwards in London. In 1868 he was appointed to conduct the orchestral choral practices, and the public concerts of the students of the Royal Academy of Music, which post, however, he relinquished two years later. In 1870 he was appointed master of the music to the Queen, in which capacity he conducts



"READY."

the state concerts, and other music at Court. In 1871 he was engaged to conduct the series of opera concerts, which were given for five consecutive seasons, at the Royal Albert Hall, with Mesdames Tietjens, Nilsson, &c., and the orchestra and chorus of her Majesty's opera. In 1875 he succeeded Sir Sterndale Bennett, as examining professor at Queen's College, in London. His overtures to "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," and "Love's Labour's lost," have recently been published in full score, in Germany, and have been performed at the Philharmonic Society's Concerts, at the Crystal Palace, at the Gentlemen's Concerts, in Manchester, and elsewhere. His concerto has been played by

Madame Arabella Goddard, at a Philharmonic Concert, in London, and on her tour in America. Mr. Cousins has composed an oratorio "Gideon," which was produced at the Gloucester Festival in 1871, and given at St. James's Hall, London, the following year. He has also conducted a Royal Wedding Serenata (on the occasion of the marriage of H.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales), various marches, pianoforte pieces, part-songs, anthems, songs, &c., and is at present engaged in writing a "Te Deum" for voices and orchestra. By all whose opinions on musical subjects are of value, Mr. Cousins is esteemed as a musician of sterling qualities. His appointment as conductor of

the Philharmonic Society was hailed with satisfaction by the whole body of the English musical profession, and he has proved himself fully qualified for his onerous post. His manner of conducting is entirely free from affectation, and from that odious self-assertion which characterises the deportment of certain foreign conductors, but he secures the confidence of his orchestra, and of the public, by his evident mastery of the scores which he directs, and by the clear, decided, intelligent, and sympathetic style in which he indicates to his co-adjudicators the tempi and the varying shades of expression required in the interpretation of the orchestral works committed to his charge.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

CURIOS.—Joseph Lesurques was a fair-haired man, who was a native of Donai, his age was about 35, and his income about six hundred a year. He settled in Paris to educate his children. The actual facts and the real names of his story are, to a very great extent, those of the drama. At the trial, two tradesmen swore they had dined with Lesurques on the supposed day of the murder; and several workmen, engaged about his residence, deposed that he was in Paris on that day; and a jeweller, named Legrand, also swore that he had business with him in Paris on that day, and produced his book to prove it, when it was discovered that the 9th had been clumsily erased, and the 8th substituted for it. At the close of the trial, Madeleine Breba insisted upon giving evidence, and asserted, on oath, that the real criminal was a man she knew, having an extraordinary resemblance to Lesurques, named Dubosq. Her testimony was rejected, although one of the prisoners, Couriel, confirmed it, and, with Lesurques, was condemned to death. Both were executed on a Maundy Thursday. Lesurques published an address to the real murderer, imploring him, should he ever be brought to justice, to redeem his memory. He died, resigned and brave, dressed in white, as symbolical of innocence, and four years afterwards his innocence was discovered, when Dubosq was arrested for another crime, recognised as the real criminal with another accomplice, who confessed the innocence of Lesurques. His widow was living in 1842 a helpless lunatic. His son perished in the campaign at Moscow, one of his daughters committed suicide, and the other died mad. Members of the family are, however, still, we believe, alive in France, as in May, 1864, the confiscated property of Lesurques was restored to the family.

GLENDOWER.—1. After the death of Shakespeare's granddaughter, Lady Barnard, the house in which the poet was born reverted to the Harts, descendants of Shakespeare's sister, and it remained in the possession of that family during several generations. 2. Mrs. Hart, of Tewkesbury, sold the house for £20. The sale was negotiated by a Mr. Wheeler, and after an old mortgage had been paid off and expenses deducted, the sum handed over to poor Mrs. Hart was under £30.

I. O. U.—Yes; on the occasion of the Shakespeare Tercentary, when a committee was appointed in London, and another in Stratford-on-Avon, for the endowment of a theatre, or a school, or a statue, or a library; but the upshot, owing to jealousies and disputes, ended in ridicule and failure.

E. F. GUYNAN.—Fraulein Wolter, the Vienna Court actress, was born in Cologne. She made her first great successes on the Berlin stage, her greatest being that she achieved as Hermione, in *The Winter's Tale*.

ALFRED GRUBE.—Mr. Richard John Smith obtained his nickname of O'Smith, in the year 1850, when playing, as a boy, in the piece called *Obi; or, Three-fingered Jack*. He was for some time afterwards known as Obi Smith, and then, for the rest of his life (he died in 1855), as O'Smith. He played with the Kemble's, Cooke, Mrs. Siddons, Edmund Kean, Elliston, Fawcett, and Bannister, and was a great collector of

theatrical relics, intended to assist him in the preparing a History of the Stage, which was, however, either never written, or never completed.

W. LIDDELL.—Charles Dibden, son of the great song writer, died within the "rules" of the King's Bench Prison, aged 65, in the year 1833. He was for many years the manager of Sadler's Wells Theatre. None of his plays are, we think, now acted.

A READER.—We saw the performance, and remember that most of the parts were played by the prompter. The pieces were not, but should have been, *Love's Labour Lost*, and *The Devil to Pay*, judging by their results.

## MUSICAL.

S. J. N.—You are labouring under a misconception respecting Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony. It had never been publicly performed until it was produced at the Crystal Palace Concerts. The "performance of the work at Leipsic, some years previously," was a private trial rehearsal by the Gervardhaus orchestra, in the year 1855, eight years after the death of Mendelssohn. The composer had in his lifetime expressed himself as but partially satisfied with the work, and when it was privately rehearsed, the question of its production in public was left to the decision of Moscheles, Rietz, David, and Hauptmann, who acted as judges, at the request of Mendelssohn's brother Paul. They decided that "in spite of the many beauties which the work contains, it might encounter unfriendly criticism," and it remained unheard by the public until produced at Sydenham. There is little doubt that the four distinguished musicians above-named were really afraid of the new Schumannite party, who had begun to claim for Schumann precedence over Mendelssohn.

R. O. M. A.—Mazzini, the famous Italian patriot, was not a composer, although passionately fond of music, and a proficient on the guitar.

BOURDON.—How can we tell whether an harmonium or an American organ would be the better for your purpose? Consult our advertising columns: then go and judge for yourself.

V. S.—A good metronome may be bought for about 30s.

ACCOMPANYIST.—Transposing pianofortes, with shifting keyboards, have been in use for the last 50 years, and are easy to make and to manage.

## SPORTING.

M. P.—Lord Henry Bentinck's hunting stud consisted of seventy-five horses, and was sold in July, 1854, for 12,461 guineas.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A. RICKARDS.—The information was accidentally omitted. The mother of the late Victor Emmanuel was Maria Theresa, the younger daughter of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, Grand Duke of Tuscany, by the Princess Mary of Naples. At the time of her marriage, in 1817, her husband, Charles Albert, was not King of Sardinia, but Prince of Savoy-Carignan. He died at Oporto, July 28, 1849; she died on January 12, 1855. Our record is now—we think—complete.

THERBURN.—The old lines, if we remember rightly, ran as follows:—

"Man comes into the world, naked and bare;

He goes thro' the world, with trouble and care;

And, out of the world, goes—no one knows where."

S. B.—In 1797 the following daily newspapers were regularly published in London:—*The Times*, *The World*, *The Morning Chronicle*, *The Diary*, *The Oracle*, *The Morning Post*, *The Herald*, *The General Advertiser*, *The Public Advertiser*, *The Gazetteer*, *The Argus*, *The Daily Advertiser*, *The Ledger*, and *The Star*.

JACQUELINE.—1. We have met with a sermon preached by Cromwell, in print. 2. We cannot tell; but at the sale of the Robinsons, the copyright of "Vyse's Spelling Book" sold for two thousand two hundred pounds, and an annuity of fifty pounds for the author. 3. The "World's Oil" was published in London in 1655, and was written in Antwerp by Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle. You will find a copy in the British Museum. It went through several editions.

SENIOR.—You will find that and many other anecdotes as characteristic and amusing, in Mr. Crowest's book, of which a notice appears upon another page.

EVERARD.—Bull-fights are never exhibited in the Placa Mayor, at Madrid, except upon extraordinary occasions, such as the accessions or marriages of the Spanish kings. This has been a rule for about two hundred years.

P. R.—C. Rogers, author of "The Pogmoor Olmenac," died in December, 1874, in his seventy-second year.

WILLIAM DEED.—It is hardly to be expected, but we will try what we can do to reply to your unreasonable request, 1.—According to one tradition, the earliest settlers in the Island of Sardinia were a party of Etruscans, led by Phorcus, who was supposed to be a direct descendant from Noah. According to another, they were a party of Lybians under Sardis, son of the Theban Hercules, who was crowned King of that Island in 1200, (B.C.) and gave it his name: it having been previously known as Sandalio and Ichnusa. The early history of Sardinia is mainly fabulous. Amongst the emigrants, who settled there from time to time, were Carthaginians, Phoenicians, Lydians, Thracians, Cyriots, etc. There are obscure references to various Punic attempts to subjugate Sardinia. At the close of the first Punic war, the Romans having previously conquered Sicily, turned its conquering arms against Sardinia as the Island of next importance in the Mediterranean, and at length incorporated it into a Roman province with Corsica: In or near the year 1000, Sardinia was conquered by the Moors, and the Island became such a source of terror and misfortune to all its nearest neighbours, that in 1022 a holy war was proclaimed against them. Pisa and Genoa, combined, drove them out of the Island, and the former annexed it. This holy conquest proved a terrible curse to both Pisa and Genoa, resulting eventually in constant quarrels and seemingly endless warfare for its possession. In the year 1323, a new claimant appeared in the field, Sardinia having been handed over to the King of Aragon by the Pope. The Infant Don Alphonso accordingly attempted its conquest, and in 1325 the end of the war left Sardinia in the hands of Spain. Intestine war broke out three years after, and desolated the Island, but Sardinia continued subject to the crown of Spain till the Succession war, and in August, 1708, our English fleet in the interests of Charles III., conquered Terranova, and fresh warfare ensued, ending in August, 1720, when by the treaty of London Sardinia was made over to Charles, and ceded by him to Victor Amadeus in exchange for Sicily. Under the house of Savoy a long peace of seventy years duration established the rule of that family on a secure foundation chiefly due to King Charles Emanuel, after whose death Victor Amadeus actually opened a treaty with the Empress of Russia, who was then anxious for establishments in the Mediterranean, for the sale of Sardinia, a bargain the fulfilment of which only the antagonism of Spain and France prevented. After the French Revolution, the French republican Government resolved to seize Sardinia by surprise, and sent its fleet to Cagliari in December, 1792. This attempt proved a failure, as also did others of greater importance, made in January, 1793. It was in Sardinia that the first Napoleon first saw active service. In 1798, the unfortunate Charles Emanuel, braved by his subjects, bullied by the French, and insulted by the Genoese, was obliged to surrender his strongest fortresses and abdicate his continental dominions. He found in the Sards his only loyal subjects. His successor Victor Emanuel hoped to recover his dominions through the aid of his powerful ally, England. He abdicated in 1821, and was succeeded by Charles Felix. 2.—The English, French and Sardinian royal families as follows:—

King Charles I.=Mary, daughter of Henry IV. of France.

Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter of Charles=Philip, Duke of Orleans,

Philip Charles Duke of Valois. Maria Aloisia, Anna Maria, Queen of Spain. Duchess of Savoy.

A. THOUGHTFUL OBSERVER.—1. The Greeks rose on the Turks in the Morea, and treacherously massacred them, men, women and children—in all 20,000 souls—in the April and May of 1821. Most of the Turks thus destroyed were agricultural labourers, living peacefully with their wives and children in scattered houses, villages, and solitary farm-houses; but some were garrison troops, who had surrendered, and given up their arms on the consideration of being allowed to depart unarmed. 2. In 1827, conventions were signed between England, Russia, and France, in favour of Greece, and to protect her from the victorious Turks; but it was not until October, 1828, that a French army compelled the Turks to abandon their conquest of the Morea, and Greece, by the intervention of the great European Powers, was once more an independent nation. 3. We lost in the Crimea by battle, frost, cholera, and fever, 14,340 men, and the number invalided between September, 1854, and March, 1855, amounted to 15,612.

SAMSON EVANS.—Major Henry Erskine Fraser, the great grandson of the Simon Lord Lovat, who was executed for high treason, died at Paris, where he was well known. He was born in Portugal, to which country his father emigrated in 1790, and his mother was a Portuguese lady. They died when he was eleven years old. His sisters were both married, one becoming the Marquise de Bombelles, the other the Marquise de Gargallo, of Naples, and his brother—he had but one—was at the time of his death a secretary of embassy in Austria. We think these particulars will enable you to pronounce the man an imposter. It is true, however, that Major Erskine received his military education in Russia, where he served as cadet, and that he remained in the Russian Army until 1827. It is also true that he took part in the battle of Leipsic, and rode into Paris with his regiment of Russian Hussars.

H. B. F.—In consequence of some confusion existing in our office between the two new theatres we have recently illustrated, Berlin was substituted for Dresden in the Printer's instructions, and the error was unfortunately overlooked.

## THE ILLUSTRATED

## Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

WE have before us the prospectus, issued in December last, of the Cleveland Agricultural Society, containing its usual announcement of an "Entire Horse Show," and the schedule of prizes offered for competition in this most important section. In noting that a sum of £100 only is offered in the place of the £200 usually forthcoming for the above object, we may state that the want of a good cart stallion has long been felt in the district, and for the purpose of securing this important article, a portion of the prize fund has been diverted in a direction to which all well-wishers of the show must rejoice to see attention bestowed. The cart stallion will have to travel the district in the same fashion as his more aristocratically-bred neighbour, and we cannot but regard this as a move in the right direction, taking into consideration the results of the experiment of holding what we may term "qualification" exhibitions of travelling sires. It must be gratifying to all connected with the institution of the £200 prize in 1875 to find that much good has already resulted from the operations thereby induced, and things promise fairly enough for the future, regard being had to the very limited time during which the scheme has been working out its development. For the first of such prizes there were eight entries, and here we would remark, that the conditions under which it was awarded necessarily acted as a bar to exclude many owners of eligible candidates throughout the North of England, who might naturally be desirous that their horses should not be bound to travel any particular district; having, perhaps, work enough for them close at home, or being restrained by other motives from sending their horses to the show. This objection, of course, still holds good, and therefore those with whom this "happy thought" originated must not be disappointed at the fact of so few comparatively coming forward to compete for the prize. To make up for deficiency in quantity, however, the quality of the exhibits was all that could be desired, and the first prize fell to that well-known breeder of horses, Mr. Taylor Sharpe, of Baumber Park, Horn-castle, who carried off the honours of the day with Merry Sunshine, a wonderfully bred horse, with looks equal to his pedigree, and one concerning which a first-rate judge remarked, as he was walking before Doncaster and Marie Stuart in the Doncaster paddock, that "he should like to have him to get hunters." The prize taker accordingly commenced his labours in 1876, and in the August of that year it was favourably reported of him that "he had received a fair share of patronage in Cleveland, not only from noblemen and gentlemen, but also from the tenant farmers. The number of mares he has served during the season is 104, which is a good average compared with other thoroughbred horses which have travelled in the same districts." The report continues: "Out of the total number of mares served by Merry Sunshine, about twenty are thoroughbreds, the rest being half-bred, and mares with a few crosses of blood." This must be considered highly satisfactory; but in order practically to test the results of this interesting experiment, when the August show of 1877 came round, Mr. Taylor Sharpe, with liberality equal to judgment, bethought himself of the plan of offering special prizes for the best colt and filly foals begotten by Merry Sunshine, a measure which not only added a most pleasing feature to the exhibition, but also demonstrated beyond a doubt the important part likely to be played by successors to Merry Sunshine as improvers of the breed in the Cleveland district. Capital entries for both classes were attained, and some excellent specimens came under the judges' notice; a most encouraging fact in connection with the "circuit" of the horse being that the great majority of 104 mares proved in foal to him, only comparatively few having slipped foals, proved barren, or otherwise not being able to give an account of his services. For the second prize of £200 there were ten competitors, being a majority of two over the number in Merry Sunshine's year, and, strange to say, only one of the eight then exhibited cast down his challenge in 1877, when Bondsman became the recipient of the prize. As regards the results of his labours no reliable judgment can of course be formed as yet, but if things at present do not seem to have worked so well in his case, it must be attributed more to the "chances of war" than anything else, and we imagine that anything coming after such a horse as Merry Sunshine, might have rather a hard time of it among the many keen judges who keep their brood mare or two in the Cleveland district. We regard the institutors of these annual prizes as pioneers in a cause which cannot fail to be of the deepest interest to the nation at large; and, as it appears to us, they have adopted a very simple and practical plan which should not fail to commend itself in numerous other places. Conditions might, indeed, be reckoned peculiarly favourable to the development of the plan in a locality which we

made, in districts which have hitherto been compelled to avail themselves of the seedy "walking gentleman" too often the living epitome of unsoundness.

With regard to the season of the year at which it is most convenient, as well as profitable, to hold a show possessing such highly important features as he prize which has furnished us with food for comment this week, it is not to be wondered at that differences of opinion exist among its supporters and promoters; some favouring the idea that December presents the most satisfactory prospects, while others hold by February as the time more eligible for its celebration. So much can be urged on both sides that it is difficult for outsiders to judge between the "capabilities" exhibited by both fixtures; but on the whole we incline to that in February, if only for this reason (which may not have been overlooked) that the horse then selected to receive the prize and to travel the district is ripe and ready to enter upon his new duties at once, instead of being kept hanging on for a couple of months until the time comes for him to commence his visiting rounds. With regard to "making up" for exhibition purposes, we presume this is one of the necessary evils of shows, but it is just as well that a horse should commence the season in lusty condition, and if this is attained in December, there is a chance of his falling away before he is called upon to commence business.

We trust that the measure of success attained by the Cleveland Agricultural Society may induce them to persevere in their good work, and it must be in the highest degree encouraging to have so good a report to make as to the result of their first year's experiment. It is astonishing how long it takes to impress upon men's minds the wisdom of any even beneficial course of action; but when once conviction arrives, everything begins to work smoothly and easily, and then comes the wonderment "that we had not all thought of it before." We heartily commend the example set in the North to kindred associations elsewhere; regarding it as one eminently worthy of imitation, especially at this juncture, when the question of our national horse supply annually becomes more pressing.

#### JOHN CARROLL'S CROPPER.

BY G. MANVILLE FENN.

"How dare you, sir!"

"Because I love you with all my heart. Indeed, indeed I do, Miss Lane—Isabel. What have I done that you should be so cold? Since we met two years ago, I have never—"

"Will you loose my hand, sir?"

"I cannot, Isabel—dear Isabel."

"Oh, this is unbearable; it is an insult."

For the moment, as the pretty little pink and white hand I had pinioned was snatched away from me, it seemed as if its owner was about to administer a sound box on my unlucky ear, as she stood with heightened colour, and her beautiful dark eyes flashing indignant lightning at me for a moment, before turning sharply round and hurrying out of the drawing room, her long silk dress seeming to give an angry hiss as it crossed the stone-paved hall, and then all was silent.

"Unbearable—an insult—hump! I'd better pack up and get back to town," I said to myself, bitterly. "I'm a fool, an ass, an idiot; I always was. Just as if a bright light-hearted girl like that could ever care for me as I cared for her. For I do, no I did—no, no, I do love you, little Isabel, with your bright eager natural country ways, so different to our London belles and blossoms, who bloom in the gaslight, and talk gush. Yes," I said, taking out a little white glove from my pocket-book, and smoothing it in my palm, "I've loved you ever since that night when chance made you my partner, and, when you would not tell me your name, I stole that little glove, and vowed I'd keep it till you did. And then never saw you again till a fortnight ago—fortnight! It seems only yesterday. Ah, well, I'll return to my old loves in chambers—mother Dudge the laundress, my books, and my Tom cat. Bah! what a fool you are, John Carroll—you to make love!"

I started, and slipped the glove into my pocket, for just then there was a sharp slap on the back, and Fred Lane stood towering over me.

"Come along, Jack, lad. I've let you off as long as I could. Where's Bel?"

"Miss Lane has gone upstairs," I said, coldly.

"Ah!" said Fred, with a curious look at me, and a low whistle. "Well, come along. You've got to play Rumble a hundred up at billiards."

"Hang Rumble!" I said, "I won't play."

"But you must, old man. I've bet him an even fiver you beat him."

"Then the bet's off," I said, surlily. "Look here, Fred, I'm off back to town—to-night."

"You're what?" said great Fred, staring.

"Off back—home."

"That you just arn't, my dear boy," he cried, regularly taking me into custody. "For to-morrow's Christmas Eve, and you've got a week more to stop before I give you leave to go back to your old wig and gown. Come along—billiards!"

"I'll not play," I said. "Look here, Fred, I'm sick of being matched against that fellow."

"Bosh! Why how hipped and cross you are; you always lick him. Joe Rumble's a humbug, and he's horribly jealous of you for being so thick with Bel. That's why he's always showing off against you."

"Yes, and trying to humble me in her sight; and you've helped him," I said, angrily. "There, tell your friend he has no cause to fear me, for I leave him the field!"

"No you don't," said Fred, interposing his great bulky person between me and the door; then seeing how angry I was, he took my hand, just in his old frank protecting way, as he used at school after fighting some bully on my behalf—"Dear old Jack," he said, "I'm very sorry if, in my great blundering way, I've annoyed you. I wanted to make you happy, and to renew old days. That's why I got you down here."

"I know that," I said, returning the frank pressure. "But you havn't made me happy, Fred."

"Then here goes to make up for lost time. And here's the old ady. Mother dear, here's Jack Carroll talking of going away. He mustn't, must he?"

"Indeed no, my son," said the pleasant old lady, with whose sweet old face, smooth grey hair, and neat old-fashioned widow's cap, I had quite fallen in love on the night Fred met me at the station. "I'm afraid, though, we old-fashioned farming people are very poor company for you gay Londoners."

"No, no, Mrs. Lane," I said, "your kindness has been enough to make me wish to stay a month."

"There, it's all right mother," cried Fred, pulling my arm

through his; "Jack was a bit dull, but he's going to stay on to oblige you. Well, Bel!"

His sister nodded to him shortly, but did not notice me, as, looking very pale and composed, she crossed the room to her mother's side; and, weak as water, I allowed myself to be dragged to the billiard-room, knowing that my determination had been swept away, and that even to be allowed to stop and look at her unseen would be temptation enough to make me stay.

For it was in this wise. My old school-fellow, Fred Lane, had hunted me out at my chambers, and insisted upon my coming to spend three weeks or so down in Essex, at his farm, where, in a dilettante sort of way, he shot, hunted, and bred horses, farming more for pleasure than profit, and enjoying a very bluff, happy kind of existence.

It was a bright, frosty night when I got out at Bardley Station, where the great fellow was ready to wring my hand half off.

"Glad to see you, Jack,—deuced glad. Smith"—this to the station master—"have my friend's traps popped on the dog-cart. By the way, there's a pair of fowls inside for Mrs. Smith. Come Jack. By Jove, it's like being boys again!"

Five minutes later, I was well rugged up and seated beside Fred on the dog-cart, and it was—

"Let 'em go, Bob, Tst—tst!" and a whish of a long whip. There was a leap and a bound, as the smart groom sprang up behind us, and a pair of pretty little greys, driven tandem, were rattling over the road at a pace that made the frosty hedges twinkle as they sparkled in the light cast by the dog-cart lamps.

"Go along, my beauties," cried Fred, and the little greys' hoofs rattled in a metallic way on the hard road; the stars sparkled over head, the keen north wind made my blood dance, and it was with a feeling of regret that I heard Fred cry out, "Hello-lo-lo-lo-lo!"

It was as we approached a neat thatched cottage, whose door opened directly, a gate was swung aside, and then for half a mile we drove between fields and copses, to pull up short at last by a long low house, whose windows shone out ruddy and full of welcome, as the groom, who had opened another gate, now ran to the steaming horses' heads.

"Here we are, Jack. Home, sweet home. Get them out of the cold quick, Bob; bring the luggage in after. Here's mother and Bel. Mother, Jack Carroll. Bel, my old school-fellow, Jack. Jack, cousin Joe Rumble. Hallo! what's the matter?"

The matter was, that as I entered that warm sunny hall, with its pictures and antlers, guns and fishing-rods, with whips and fox brushes *ad lib.*, two people had given a great start, while another looked black as thunder.

The people who started were Isabel Lane and myself, as we had mutually recognised each other as partners a couple of years back at a country ball, when so strong an impression had been made upon me that I had never forgotten her, though till that night I had remained in ignorance of who she was; while the one who looked black as thunder was cousin Joe Rumble, a rather good-looking young fellow, with fair whiskers and auburn hair, and a warm red country complexion. His look at me seemed to say, "Ware hawk!" and at the same moment, I did not know why then, I took an instinctive dislike to him, which was not removed when it came to his turn to shake hands, and his lay in mine like a limp glove.

Explanations followed, and over that pleasant dinner my eyes kept stealing across to encounter those of my old friend's sister, to see how, in two years the slight girl who attracted me had beamed into a healthy beautiful woman, who, in spite of her quiet sense and self-possession, could not help a slightly augmented colour in her cheeks as again and again her looks met mine.

From that hour I was always aware of a pair of scowling eyes watching me, and of an unpleasant presence carefully studying that I should not be left alone with my friend's sister, for Cousin Joe was, like myself, a guest at Long Copse Farm. In addition, it seemed to me that I had, as I said to Fred, been constantly led on to humble myself before his sister, and though I could not openly charge him with it, Cousin Joe seemed to be always at the bottom of it all.

And for that fortnight I had seemed to live upon air, though my appetite was particularly good; and as the days glided by, it appeared to me that I had cause for loving, for Isabel grew more gentle and kindly in my presence day by day, till we had arrived as close as has been said to Christmas Eve, when, finding my opportunity, I had embraced it; but, alas! not the lady, who had spoken to me as I have described at the beginning of this sketch.

"The girl's a flirt," I said to myself, bitterly, as Fred walked me into the billiard-room, where Cousin Joe Rumble stuck his glass in his eye, and stared insolently across at me, making my blood boil at the very idea of such a man as that being the sworn suitor of sweet little Isabel Lane, who was as *petite* as her brother was muscular and big.

"I won't stand it," I said to myself; and coolly taking up a cue, I began to knock the balls about.

"Now, Joe!" said Fred, "come, I want my fiver."

"Oh, I don't want to play," he said, languidly. "I ought to give Mr. Carroll twenty to beat him."

I bit my lip, and I believe looked very savage, as a quick retort was on my lip, but I checked it, made some bantering remark, and the game began, with somehow or another the sight of Joe Rumble's leer aggravating me so, that I wanted to break his head with the butt end of my cue, for I could see now that he was the favoured lover, and that all my love and reverence for the girl I had worshipped for two years had been thrown away.

"And yet she seemed to regard me with favouring eyes up to yesterday," I said to myself, after making a very bad stroke.

"Twenty-seven, love," cried Fred who was marking. "I say Jack, my fiver's looking queer."

"Yes," said Cousin Joe, sneeringly, "I told you it would."

As he spoke he made three or four easy cannons and a losing hazard, bringing his score up to thirty-six. Then I placed a solitary couple to my account, when Cousin Joe went on again, and Fred cried the score, as it was my turn once more—"Two, fifty!"

"Look here!" said Cousin Joe, insolently, "I don't want to go on if Mr. Carroll likes to own he's beaten."

"Make your hundred first," I said, feeling hot and angry; and then, with a kind of vicious impulse on me which made me feel that I could win, I began to play cautiously, and measuring every stroke, so that by the time Cousin Joe had added twenty to his score, I had placed fifty to mine, and then played on with increasing good fortune, till Fred shouted out—

"Nine-seven all! Bravo, this is exciting. Be careful, Joe, or you'll lose your fiver."

This so exasperated Cousin Joe, who had felt sure of the game, that he missed a very easy stroke, and I went out with a couple of cannons, which were followed by a couple of curses from my adversary, as he went away muttering something about playing dark.

"You've put Joe out," said Fred, with a laugh. "Come to my room, and have one cigar and a nightcap; they're all gone to bed. And mind, to-morrow the ground will be soft enough for a good gallop. How are you on a horse, Jack? You used to ride."

"Oh, I can stick on," I said, "somehow." And following him to his snugger, we sat talking for half an hour before I sought

my room, and opening the window leaned out to let the cool night air bathe my heated cheeks.

I had not been thus five minutes before I heard steps coming from the direction of the stables; then there was a whisper or two, and someone came by my window and entered the house.

"Why, that's not Fred," I said to myself, "but Cousin Joe. I'll prove it."

I did, by darting out into the passage, and looking into his room, which was, as I expected, empty; and I had just time to get back into my own before I heard him come up.

"I'm improving," I said; "playing the spy now. But what has he been at in the stables? I don't like that groom Bob—he squints."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

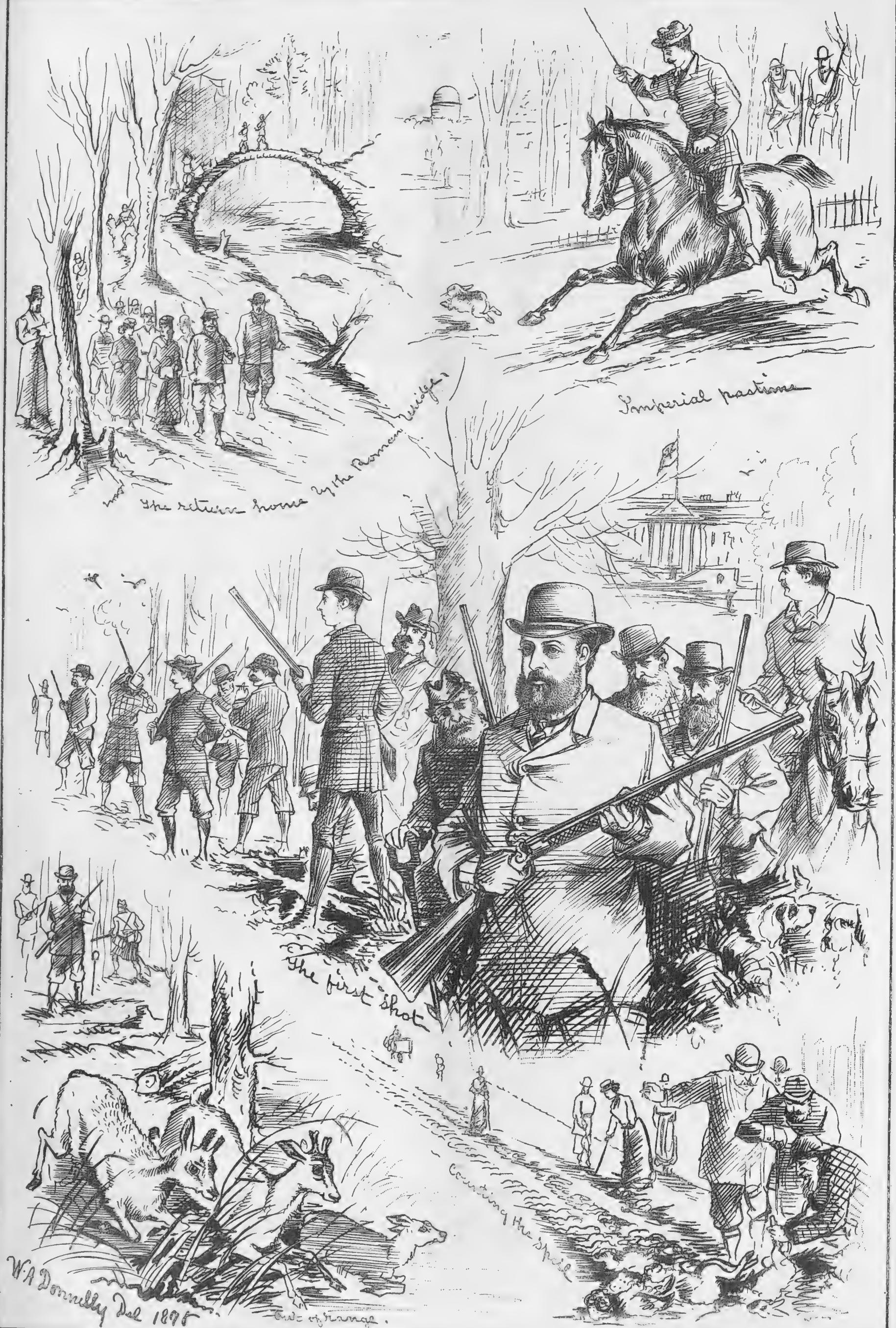
#### NEW LIFEBOAT AT BRIXHAM.

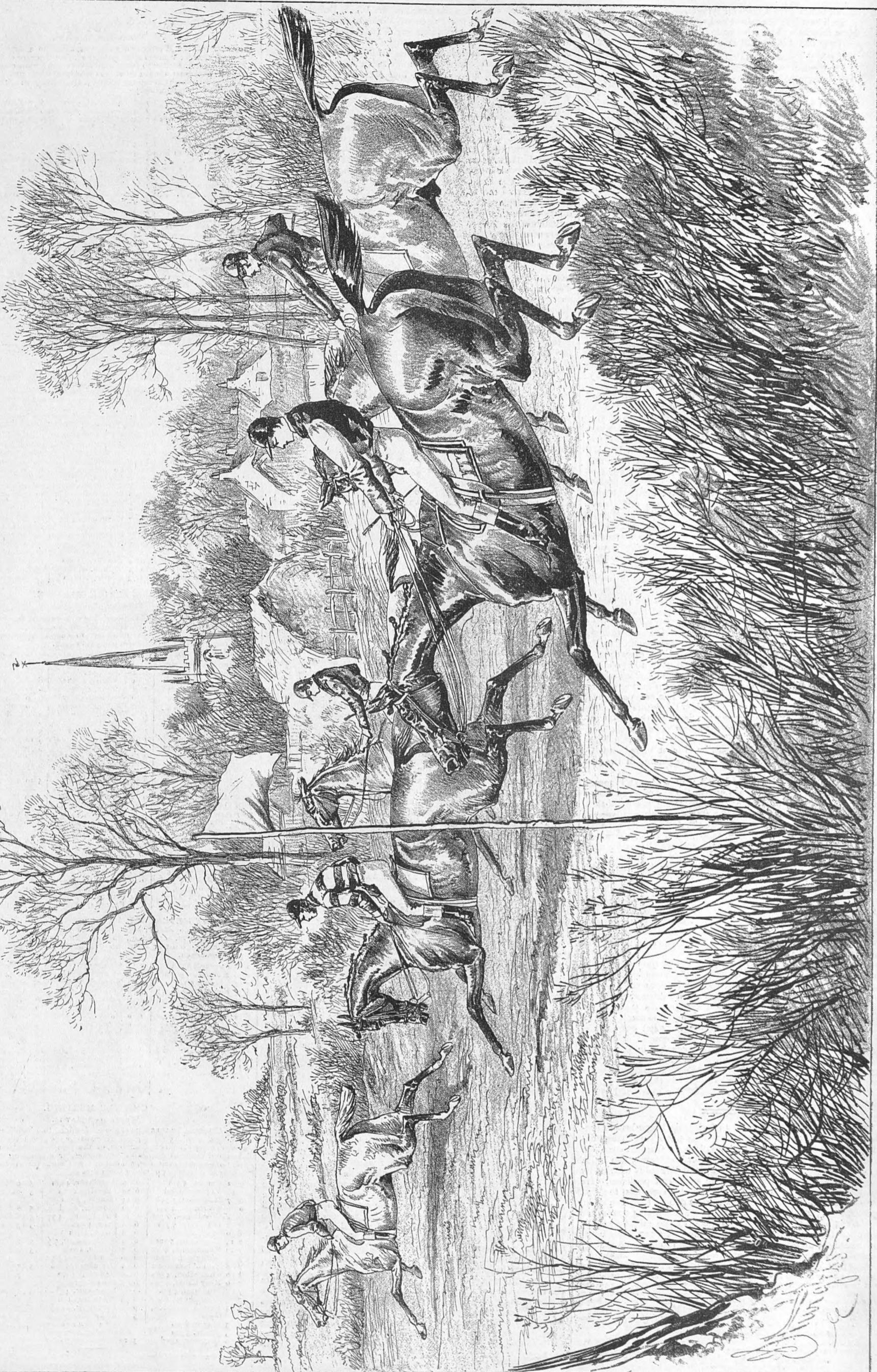
A VERY handsome lifeboat has just been presented to the "Seaman's Orphans' Home" at Brixham, by Captain Hans Busk, who designed and built her upon precisely the same lines as those of other boats of the same class, which he has presented to different places on the Coast, where they have rendered essential service. One at Ryde having already saved upwards of thirty lives. These boats average 32 feet in length, with a beam of 7 feet 6 inches and a depth of 3 feet 10 inches. They carry 12 oars double-banked, and are remarkably handy under canvas, even when filled with water, being provided with spacious gun-metal, air-cases, which gives them marvellous buoyancy. Although capable of taking off from a wreck, or of rescuing quite as many persons as the ordinary National Institution Lifeboats, which weigh four tons each, Captain Busk's boats weigh little more than one ton. The facility with which they can be launched, is very remarkable. This is a quality in a lifeboat frequently insufficiently attended to. On the 24th of November last, a sudden gale and heavy sea were beating furiously upon the South Devon Coast. During the height of the storm, about 7.10 p.m., a French Brigantine at anchor in Brixham Roads parted her cable. The rocket apparatus was promptly brought out and dragged in the intense darkness that prevailed to the most likely, but unfortunately the wrong spot. Meanwhile the vessel being but poorly found, and short handed, went ashore within half a mile of the spot where the boathouse has since been prepared for the reception of the new lifeboat. In a few minutes the doomed brigantine went to pieces upon the rocks, and by eight o'clock every soul on board had perished. The Brixham National Lifeboat, City of Exeter, from some unexplained, but probably unavoidable cause, could not be launched till past midnight, when the strength of the gale had abated, and all danger to life or property was comparatively over. This painful incident, and other similar constantly recurring instances, serve to prove, what every experienced seaman has long felt to be the case, of what an incalculable value on many emergencies, a light, but strongly-built, lifeboat would be that could be launched almost at a moment's notice, by a few hands, and be on her way to the scene of a disaster long before her more massive rival could be got out of her snug boathouse. Nor is there any reason why the lighter boat should not be just as strong, as durable, and as worthy of the confidence of her crew of "storm warriors."—The Captain Busk lifeboat was built at Blackwall, and was, by the kind intervention of Messrs. Donald, Currie, and Co., conveyed to her destination free of all charges on board the Conway Castle, one of their fine steamers, now on her way to the Cape.

THE Inverness *Highlander* has the following respecting the late Lord Middleton, who owned the extensive estate of Applecross, Ross-shire:—"His lordship, though the most extensive sportsman in North Britain, was most highly respected and liked by the tenantry and by the people around. In extending and managing his deer forests he was very careful to allow no damage to the farmers, having their lands and crops protected from injury by deer-proof fences wherever required. Not only so, but if their sheep happened to stray into the forest, he had them sent home carefully by his keepers. Though five days in the week in the hunting field, he never stalked on a Saturday. His lordship's head-keeper, Mr. Graham, on being asked the reason of this, said that some years ago Lord Middleton was out so late one Saturday as to encroach on the Sunday, and that he never went out afterwards on a Saturday. He devoted that day to transacting business with his chief officials, dealing in detail with every department, yet so able and kind was he in the transaction of business that he was most thoroughly esteemed. His lordship was hardly, if ever known to be five minutes late in keeping an appointment. Although a keen deer-stalker he seldom raised a gun to any smaller game; and though so much on horseback in England he was never known to cross a horse in Scotland. His lordship was a powerful pedestrian, frequently walking over thirty miles a day after the deer. A very good hill walker, his keepers often found it hard work to follow him. His lordship loved and lived a country life, and seldom spent any time in a town, although amongst the wealthiest peers in England. In agriculture he was well versed, and would almost instruct anyone. He was also an excellent judge of stock, and knew all the best methods of improving and working land. His lordship was fortunate and highly blessed in having a charming lady for a wife, and with her and his fine family he lived a happy and exemplary life, which many more would do well to imitate."

ANGLERS who have been hurried down through deeps and shallows of a stream, and over rocks of every shape, at the will of a large and vivacious salmon, will appreciate the adventure of some fishers of Agde, in the south of France. These industrious men, like a character in Scottish story, really passed "a nicht wi' a fush." The fishermen of Agde had long been in the way of finding their nets torn and their lines broken by some monster of the deep. Most anglers have had a similar experience. There is one pool where they hook a fish like a log of wood, which goes off with all their tackle, and is always ready for more. The animal, trout or pike, becomes of mythical proportions, and, as no one ever catches him, he is supposed to weigh anywhere between eighteen and fifty pounds. Readers of Walton will remember that a town clerk once hooked the fabulous local pike, was dragged into the pond, and only escaped by his skill in swimming. Certain men of Agde were fishing from their boats one evening, when they, too, hooked a creature which at once made away, full of running, and dragged the mariners all along the coast. The first tug nearly upset the boat of the worthy Michel Hirailles, but she soon settled, and the chase began in earnest. Hour after hour passed, and the monster was still strong, and threatened every now and then to upset the vessel by his frolics. The night was passed in the contemplative man's recreation, and Michel, with his son, was now in strange waters. Fortunately they were observed by the crew of a vessel, which came to their aid. By the efforts of the new comers the father of all dog fishes was at last brought to the surface and slain. His size may be guessed from the fact, revealed by post-mortem examination, that he had lately enjoyed a donkey and two tunny fish, by way of refection. Michel Hirailles is to be congratulated on the soundness of his tackle.—*Daily News*.

HEAL ALL!—For Bruises, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Lumbago, &c., no embrocation equals "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, 1s. 2d. per bottle.—[ADVT.]





"THE GREY MAKES THE RUNNING."

## AFTER SEEING WILLS'S "CHARLES THE FIRST."

SOME things have a taste for tyrants,  
Such best love the falsest and worst;  
How they hate those who made them freemen!  
If you doubt it, see Charles the First.

To such, the great souls that greatly  
For Englishmen lived and died  
Are fames to besoul and bespatter,  
Are renowns to defame and deride.

Ask you why the low, the high, slander,  
The small hate the great? As soon  
One may tell why the bat hates sunshine,  
Why curs love to howl at the moon.

Let these boarding-school-miss minds amuse them  
With fouling him all that they can,  
Can they make Cromwell small by their mouthing?  
Can they rhyme up their Charles to a man?

Of their headless one let them drivel;  
Let them curse on our heroes' graves;  
Cromwell's gifts they can't from us snivel—  
They can't whine us into slaves.

Is it worth while one's ink to be wasting  
On his trash? Why should paper be stained  
On one who the shoes will be licking?  
Of the weakest liar that's reigned?

W. C. BENNETT.

## BOATING AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

It is wonderful, says the *Daily News*, that boating is such a popular pastime at the Universities, when one considers the discomforts of training. Everything that the natural man, "the empirical self," as the philosophers say, rejects with extreme disgust, the boating man, "the higher self," cheerfully endures. We forget the exact hour of dim winter mornings, at which he is called, and has to rise. To the claims of religion, as represented by the Dean of Chapel, and to those of duty, as embodied in the Master and Tutors, the boating man, when out of training, may be deaf. In the old times, when the College Messenger was sent to "draw" absenteers from chapel, and stole up the staircase, like a ferret into a rabbit hole, he had to pay a visit to boating men as often as to others. He would lurk outside the oak, and catch an infrequent worshipper as he stole out to borrow a pot of marmalade or a corkscrew. He would observe, "The Dean's compliments, Sir, and he trusts to see you at ten." These inconveniences the rowing man braved, and he was not always found ready to receive his weekly accounts, or "battels," with cheerful punctuality, at half-past eight on a foggy morning in January. He was as fond of his ease as another, but in training he bids a long farewell to comfort. The forms of training vary with the swiftly passing genealogies; but we believe that a brisk run round the meadows before breakfast is still the early sacrifice which public spirit makes to the theory of physical fitness. Then comes the duty, less painful at first, of gorging. A boating breakfast is, to put it mildly, a carnivorous entertainment. Men used to fancy, like Milo of Croton, with whose name the image of Venus is for ever associated, that they were the better athletes in proportion to the beef they devoured. Two pounds of half raw beefsteak, with a good deal of toast, very little tea, and some marmalade, were of the essence of a boating man's breakfast. His intelligent interest in a ten o'clock lecture on Roman weights and measures or the position of the Greek priesthood may easily be imagined. The pleasures of the intellect must be resigned by him who has just eaten as much animal food as his constitution will allow him to venture on. The joys of trained speculation are among the first that the self-denying oarsman must give up. The honest fellow has never yet been heard to grumble over this deprivation. Study is like that bugbear of the old trainers, "internal fat," and must be reduced to its lowest proportions. But this is only the beginning of the discomforts of training.

The first two or three days may be all very well. It is something to be likely to wear the broad blue at the end of seven weeks and to be the admired of freshmen. Early rising is a habit that may be acquired, and exercise helps a man to relish carnivorous breakfasts. Nothing looks duller than the daily practice. You pass your time in a thick wrapper, called, we believe, a sweater, waiting in the University barge for the cox, who keeps his men lingering at his convenience. At last he arrives, and there is a great to do with stretchers and ears. A start is made; and freshmen in walnut shells and canoes are sent flying into recesses of the banks. The coach rides an old grey horse through the muddy water which always covers the towing-path, and he yells instructions, which are the same every year. Six is told to keep his eyes in the boat, for rowing is incompatible with the wish to study the beauties of Nature on the banks. Five is reminded of the duty of "getting forward," and Three is pathetically admonished not to screw all out of the boat. The refrain of the Coach's song is something about "catching it at the beginning." The luckless crew "catch it" not only at the beginning, but all the way down to Ifley. The wind rises and drives thin muddy waves, brown with yellow spray, across all the submerged fields, and into the boat. Every one is wet through his pretence of raiment. Coming up stream the work, of course, is much harder. Warm and wet, damp and blistered, the crew get out at the barges, and wrap themselves up in woollen coverings. Then two are taken out in a tub, and conscientiously coached in the details of their duties. Training has begun. Some forty or fifty training dinners have to be eaten, always in the same company, some hundred glasses of port have to be consumed in the course of the next six weeks, and an endless, inconceivable mass of boating shop is to be talked.

THE New York papers record that Captain Bogardus has successfully accomplished the feat of breaking 5,000 glass balls "inside of 500 consecutive minutes," at Gilmore's Garden. He had 19 minutes and 25 seconds to spare after breaking 5,000 balls. Great crowds were present throughout, and Bogardus was loudly applauded. He shot rapidly and with wonderful precision. He broke the first 500 balls in 38 minutes and 20 seconds, the first 1,000 in 64 minutes and 40 seconds, first 2,000 in 137 minutes 10 seconds, first 3,000 in 203 minutes 15 seconds, first 4,000 in 228 minutes 35 seconds, and the whole 5,000 in 480 minutes and 25 seconds. He rested frequently during the last 1,000. He broke 100 balls in 5 minutes 25 seconds, another 100 in 5 minutes 35 seconds, and another 100 in 5 minutes 36 seconds.

**PERFECTION.**—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER never fails to restore Grey Hair to its youthful colour, imparting to it new life, growth, and lustrous beauty. Its action is certain and thorough, quickly banishing greyness. It is not a dye. It ever proves itself the natural strengthener of the Hair. Its superiority and excellence are established throughout the world. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

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Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S ZYLO-BALSAMUM, a simple Tonic and Hair Dressing of extraordinary merit for the young. Premature loss of the Hair, so common, is prevented. Prompt relief in thousands of cases has been afforded where Hair has been coming out in handfuls. It cleanses the hair and scalp and removes Dandruff. Sold by all Chemist and Perfumers.—[ADVR.]

## SPORT WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AT HAMILTON.

OUR sketches are from the pencil of Mr. W. A. Donnelly, who was commissioned by the Prince of Wales to commemorate his visit to Hamilton Palace in a painting of the Royal hunting party in Cadzow Forest. The Crown Prince of Austria and Prince Esterhazy gave Mr. Donnelly special sittings for their portraits, and His Highness expressed himself much pleased with Mr. Donnelly's efforts, and presented him with his autograph and miniature portrait, representing His Imperial Highness in the uniform of one of the Austrian Artillery Regiments, of which His Highness is a colonel.

The sketches we have selected were amongst those most particularly admired by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and his royal and distinguished friends. "The first day the party were out hunting," says the *Dumbarton Herald*, of January 24, 1878, "H.R.H. expressed a wish that the artist should submit his sketch book to him, which he had the honour of doing at luncheon. The Prince being much surprised at the accuracy and truthfulness of the likenesses, complimented the artist on the ability he displayed in sketching from life, especially under such difficult circumstances. The Prince was particularly amused with a sketch of the Prince Imperial, showing that young gentleman in his most characteristic attitude. The other members of the Royal party joined in complimenting Mr. Donnelly on his efforts. His Royal Highness commanded that the further incidents of the day's sport should be sketched, and the result submitted to him. Accompanying the Royal party on the day on which the Prince left, H.R.H. requested that all the sketches be submitted to him, which the artist had the honour of doing on this occasion also at luncheon. The sketches received the marked approval of H.R.H. The one receiving most favour, and from which he wished the picture painted, represented the Prince of Wales standing, gun in hand, as the central figure of the Royal party. Immediately behind him is the Duke of Hamilton, mounted on his favourite cob, while to the right and left are the Prince Imperial, the Crown Prince of Austria, Prince Esterhazy, Prince Jaraczyewski, Count Bombelles, the Duke of Manchester, and others of the distinguished party. The scene is laid beneath the spreading branches of those dark pine trees for which the policies of Hamilton are so famous. The Prince instructed the artist to take further sketches for the details of the picture, which—when completed—is to be delivered at Marlborough House.

The sketch of the Roman Bridge chronicles an incident on the return home from the third day's sport, when the party were joined by the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Randelsheim, and others from the Palace, the bridge spans the Calder at one of its most picturesque bends, it was built by the Romans, and is still in good preservation, but the fabric is so slight that the heavy weights of the party, drew a breath of relief when safely over. The "Imperial pastime" was much enjoyed by the Prince Imperial, any rabbits which escaped and got out of range, he hunted with great zest on the Duke's cob. "The first shot," shows the arrangement of the party as they shot through the preserves, the figures will be readily recognised by those who know the originals. "Counting the spoil," showed a fur trimming along the velvety green lawn of the Palace, for a distance of about a hundred yards, doubled in some places with hares and "long tails." The Prince of Wales and party seemed to enjoy the sport immensely. The arrangements made by Mr. Tait, his grace's head-keeper, were admirable, everything coming off without a hitch. The game was plentiful, and in excellent condition; the covers through which the Royal party shot were most picturesque; giant oaks standing, and at intervals spread their twining arms above all the other trees; feathery birches here and there showed their silvery trunks in pleasing relief against the deep, dark green of the Scotch firs, which grow here in such luxuriant profusion, from the tiny seedling trod under foot to the grand old hero of a thousand storms, whose gnarled arms and moss-grown trunk told the tale of Time. The woods are intersected by green and grassy roads and winding paths, along which the game carts find an easy passage. Beneath the spreading trees the cover is all that could be wished for the propagation and preservation of game of all sorts, from a jack snipe to a roebuck. Ferns and bracken abound, and long-flowing grasses, waist high, grow in profusion, and reeds and flaggers feather the margin of the green mossy banks of the stagnant pools and springs which abound in the Hamilton policies. The Prince of Wales shot with all the finish and confidence of an experienced sportsman, while his more youthful royal friends to the right and left displayed a keen relish for the sport. The Crown Prince of Austria showed a keen quick eye and a steady hand, while his Imperial companion of France shot in a style which somebody said "proclaimed the soldier more than the sportsman," not meaning, we presume, that he shot men instead of game. Count Jaszuksky also scored well, bringing down two deer in the forenoon of the third day's shooting. Seeing the good sport and the pleasant time the party had, the Prince's promise to make a further visit soon seems likely to be realised. Everyone who had the pleasure of coming in contact with the royal party speak high in their praise as sportsmen and gentlemen.

DANIEL WEBSTER was on the marshes near Marshfield, busily shooting birds, one hot afternoon in August. The farmers were getting in their salt hay on the marshes. He came, in the course of his rambles, to the Green Harbour River, which he wished to cross. He beckoned to one of the men on the opposite bank to take him over in his boat, which lay moored in sight. The man at once left his work, came over, and paddled Mr. Webster across the stream. He declined the payment offered him, but lingered a moment with Yankee curiosity to question the stranger. He surmised who Mr. Webster was, and with some hesitation remarked: "This is Mr. Webster, I believe." "That is my name," replied the sportsman. "Well, now," said the farmer, "I am told that you can make from three to five dollars a day pleadin' cases up in Boston." Mr. Webster replied that he was sometimes so fortunate as to receive that amount for his services. "Well, now," replied the rustic, "it seems to me, I declare, if I could get as much in the city pleadin' law cases, I would not be a wadin' over these marshes in hot weather shootin' little birds!"

SOME very interesting particulars have been published relative to the number of dogs kept for distinctly sporting purposes. The 102 packs of English foxhounds comprise 5,280 couples. The 18 packs of staghounds comprise 420 couples, and there are 2,270 couples of harriers and beagles, &c., and a total of 16,000 dogs. The Queen keeps 40 couples of staghounds. The Duke of Beaufort's pack consists of 78 couples, the Cottesmore pack of 79 couples, and Earl Fitzwilliam's 62 couples of entered hounds, besides brood bitches and puppies, &c.

A NOVELTY in sporting has been introduced at Vienna. On the last Sunday of the old year there were sledge-races on the review ground of Schmelz. The course was nearly three miles long. I trust the general public took more interest in the pastime than they usually do in horse-racing. I have seen them quietly sipping their beer with their backs turned to the ropes while the best steeplechase cracks in the Kaiserstadt were rushing up the "run-home" at Friedenau.—*Hornet.*

DAYLIGHT IN PASSAGES.—Chappuis' Reflectors.—69, Fleet-street.—[ADVT.]

## ACCEPTANCES FOR THE PRINCIPAL SPRING HANDICAPS.

## LINCOLN SPRING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, March 27.

The LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP of 1,000 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, 10 ft; winners after January 23, 7lb; twice, or of 200 sovs, 12lb extra; second receives 50 sovs; third saves stake; winner to pay 100 sovs 100s towards expenses; about 1 mile. 122 subs, 34 of whom paid 3 sovs each. [The highest weight accepting being 8st 8lb, it has been raised to 8st 12lb, and the others in proportion.]

8 12 Rob Roy, 4 yrs	7 6 Bay Athol, 4 yrs	6 8 Folly, 5 yrs
8 12 Arbitrator, 4 yrs	7 5 Rowston, 5 yrs	6 8 Cincinnatus, 3 yrs
8 9 Vinargrette, 5 yrs	7 5 Strike, 5 yrs	6 8 Quicksilver, 3 yrs
8 5 Ambergries, 5 yrs	7 5 Juan, 4 yrs	6 7 Trommel, 4 yrs
8 4 Ryestone, 4 yrs	7 5 Sign Manual, 4 yrs	6 7 Suleiman, aged
8 4 Bruce, 4 yrs	7 5 Guemenee, 4 yrs	6 7 c by Mogador— Jezabel, 4 yrs
8 3 Footstep, 5 yrs	7 4 Ithona, 5 yrs	6 6 Vanguard, 6 yrs
8 2 Tassel, 5 yrs	7 4 Organist, aged	6 6 f by Knowsley— Bab-at-the-Bow- ster, 3 yrs
8 1 Rosy Cross, 4 yrs	7 4 Sidonia, 4 yrs	6 2 Ultimatum It Des- patch It Vigor, 3 yrs
8 0 Lady Ronald, 4 y	7 4 Plaisante, 4 yrs	6 1 Pleyna, 3 yrs
8 0 Camembert, 5 yrs	7 3 Mirobolante, 4 yrs	6 3 Miss Rovell, 3 yrs
8 0 Sutton, aged	7 3 Adalite, 4 yrs	6 2 Knighthood, 3 yrs
7 12 Touchet, 4 yrs	7 2 Little Harry, 5 yrs	6 2 Verville, 3 yrs
7 12 Kaleidoscope, 5 y	7 2 Kismet, aged	6 2 Ultimatum It Des- patch It Vigor, 3 yrs
7 11 Cradle, 5 yrs	7 2 Estelle, 4 yrs	6 1 The Rowan, 3 yrs
7 11 Manoeuvre, 4 yrs	7 1 Lord Clive, 3 yrs	6 0 Ranald M'Eagh,
7 11 Muscatel, 4 yrs	7 1 Telescope, 6 yrs	3 yrs
7 11 Blantyre, aged	7 1 Caen, 4 yrs	3 yrs
7 10 Chevron, 4 yrs	7 0 Incense, 4 yrs	3 yrs
7 9 Lina, 5 yrs	7 0 Woodlark, 5 yrs	3 yrs
7 9 Wisdom, 5 yrs	7 0 Liris, 5 yrs	3 yrs
7 9 Harbinger, 4 yrs	6 13 Blankney, 4 yrs	3 yrs
7 9 Charivari III, 5 y	6 13 Hengist, 5 yrs	3 yrs
7 9 Tallas, 4 yrs	6 12 Lord Lincoln, 5 yrs	3 yrs
7 8 Lyceum, 5 yrs	6 12 Suffolk Lad, 6 yrs	3 yrs
7 8 Twine the Plaiden	6 12 Reveillon II, 4 yrs	3 yrs
5 yrs	6 11 Tetrarch, 5 yrs	3 yrs
7 8 Covenanter, 4 yrs	6 11 Doublon, 4 yrs	3 yrs
7 7 The Ghost, 6 yrs	6 9 Sans Reproche,	3 yrs
7 6 Blue Riband, 4 yrs	4 yrs	3 yrs
7 6 Roehampton, 5 yrs	6 9 Grapeshot, 5 yrs	3 yrs
7 6 Balbriggan, 6 yrs	6 9 Millington, 4 yrs	3 yrs

## LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING.—FRIDAY, March 29.

The GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE of 1,000 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 15 ft; second receives 100 sovs; third saves stake; winner to pay 100 sovs towards expenses; winners of any steeple chase after January 23, at noon, 5lb; value 200 sovs, 7lb; 500 sovs 10lb; 1,000 sovs, 12lb extra; Grand National Course (nearly four miles and a half), 63 subs, 15 of whom pay 5 sovs each.

12 9 Congress, aged	10 9 Scamp, aged	10 3 Northfleet, 6 yrs
12 0 Austerlitz, 6 yrs	10 10 Palm, aged	10 3 Verity, aged
11 12 Chandos, aged	10 9 Juggler, aged	10 3 Tattoo, 6 yrs
11 10 Regal, aged	10 9 Peep O'Day 6 yrs	10 2 Fontarabian, a
11 7 Pride of Kildare,	10 9 Prodigal, aged	10 2 Lucellum, aged
aged	10 8 Weathercock, a	10 2 Martha, aged
11 3 Citizen, aged	10 8 Mont Valerien, a	10 1 Fred Briggs, a
11 1 Clonave, aged	10 7 Sir Hugh, 6 yrs	10 1 Bridget, 5 yrs
11 1 Woodcock, 6 yrs	10 7 Miss Lizzie, 5 yrs	10 0 Lady Clifton, 6 y
11 0 Antidote, 6 yrs	10 7 Harmonides, 6 y	10 0 Truth, 5 yrs
11 0 The Liberator, a	10 6 Gt. Eastern, a	10 0 Bellinger, 6 yrs
10 12 Boyne Water, 6 y	10 5 Curator, 5 yrs	10 0 Mabel, aged
10 12 Birdcatcher, a	10 5 His Lordship, 5 y	10 0 Sheet Anchor, a
10 12 Shifnal, aged	10 4 Rye, aged	10 0 Caradoc, (h b) a
10 12 Chimney Sweep,	10 4 The Bear, 5 yrs	10 0 Bonbon, 5 yrs
aged	10 4 Sultana, aged	(pd.) Vain Hope, aged
10 11 Jackal, aged	10 3 Rossanmore, a	

## EPSOM SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY, April 30.

The CITY AND SUBURBAN HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 10 ft. with 200 added; second receives 50 sovs; winners of a handicap after January 23rd, at ten a.m., 5lb extra; twice, or of 1,000 sovs, 10lb extra; about one mile and a quarter. 118 subs, 29 of whom pay 5 sovs each.

9 4 Petrarch, 5 yrs	7 2 Lina, 5 yrs	6 4 Cincinnatus, 3 yrs
8 12 Julius Caesar, 5 y	7 2 Manoeuvre, 4 yrs	6 3 Bishop Burton, 3 y
8 12 Dalham, aged	7 1 Juan, 4 yrs	6 2 c by Jove—Spec,+
8 7 Hesper, 5 yrs	7 1 Doublon, 4 yrs	6 2 Fair Lyonese, 3 yrs
8 6 Arbitrator, 4 yrs		

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WHOLE MEAL HUNTING NUTS,  
PORTABLE,  
PALATABLE,  
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Sample Box forwarded on receipt of stamps, 2s. 2d.

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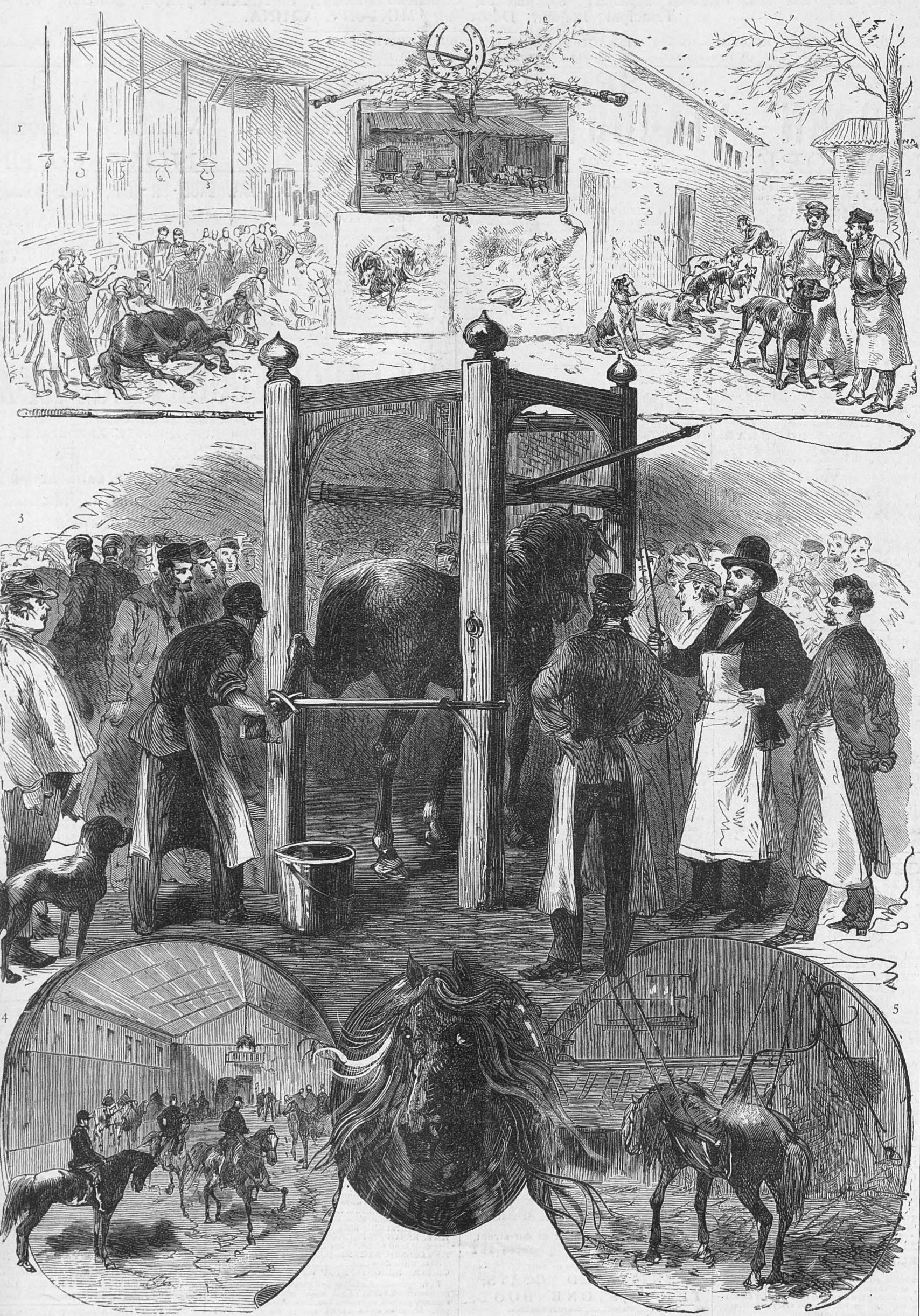
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